

NEW DRUGS ARE MAKING NEW ADDICTS

Dr. Gordon Bell
with Sidney Katz

COVER BY JOHN LITTLE
Corner store in Quebec City

An anti-anti-American
says "Grow up, Canada"

What the quarterback
is doing to football

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 24, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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LABATT'S PILSENER PARTY WINS POPULAR VOTE

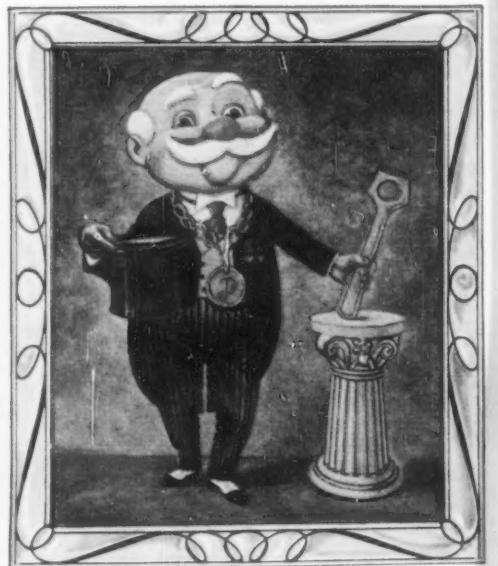
Canadians everywhere enjoy the true Pilsen flavour of Labatt's Pilsener
Here are some of the people who have made victory possible



Professor Down-the-Hatch, P.H.D.
(Pilsener Home Drinker)



Mr. Pilsener, Leader of the Labatt's Pilsener Party
and Minister of Fun and Games



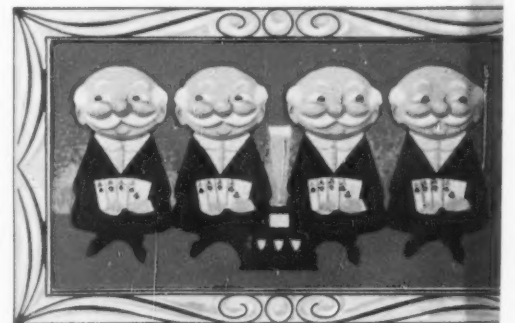
Mr. Lever Gently, Chairman,
The Canadian Society of Custodians
of the Bottle Opener



Mr. Hailand Hearty,
the man who founded
the Good Fellowship of Stag Parties



Mr. Haver Nother,
Mr. Pilsener's Campaign Manager



The Canadian Chapter
of Poker Players International



Mrs. B. A. Goodsort,
President of the Ladies' League
for Making Husbands Happy

Be a Pilsener Partisan—drink

Labatt's

PM80-113

PILSENER
LAGER BEER
NOW ALSO BREWED IN SASKATCHEWAN

Can ambulances survive without financial first aid?

DOCTORS HAVE LONG DEplored the poor standard of ambulance services across Canada. They're convinced many accident victims die because of what happens to them in the hands of poorly trained, poorly equipped attendants.

Now the Ontario Medical Association is just finishing a detailed study showing why: we won't pay for anything better.

At most serious accidents, everybody is anxious to call an ambulance; but when the bill comes in, nobody wants to pay it. The victims themselves can (and sometimes do) plead later that they didn't order the ambulance. Police don't order ambulances, either; they merely "advise" their dispatcher that one is needed. Nor do hospitals assume the responsibility; in fact they sometimes add to the ambulance operator's costs. When an emergency ward is short of beds, an ambulance may be tied up at the hospital door

for an hour or two while a victim is treated inside the vehicle.

In Ontario, ambulance companies collect only 20% of their fees for accident work. Individually, the unpaid bills are usually too small to take into court; yet collectively the losses are driving company after company out of business.

In the Cornwall area, a firm that keeps two radio-equipped vehicles busy handling 90% of all ambulance business is barely making ends meet. In London, a company getting a \$500-a-month subsidy from the city closed its doors exactly five years after it started up; it hadn't been able to meet expenses. Among ambulance operators associated with funeral parlors, 150 across Canada have gone out of business in the past four years. Nobody knows how many independent operators have gone broke.

What's the answer? Municipally operated ambu-

lances (as in Montreal and Oshawa, Ont.) at least keep some kind of service going, at the taxpayers' expense. But aldermen are often too concerned about costs to worry about the calibre of the staff or the quality of equipment.

Some doctors believe provincial subsidies are the only feasible answer to the problem. Dr. L. A. Caldwell, who supervised the OMA committee's nine-month study of accident problems in Cornwall, advocates adding an extra 25 or 50 cents to drivers' license fees. In Ontario, this would bring in \$500,000 or \$1,000,000 a year from 2,000,000 drivers. Then the government could subsidize ambulances and insist on minimum standards.

"As it is," says Caldwell, "the professional ambulance man has a bleak future. This Good Samaritan on wheels is in urgent need for financial first aid."

—FRANCES BALDWIN

What you'll be buying (and getting) for Christmas

YOU'RE PROBABLY not even half ready for the annual battle for your Christmas dollars. But merchants are. Here are some items they'll be pushing this year:

Trees: Manufacturers are gambling that the artificial ones will finally come into their own. One firm has 96 types (from three to seven feet tall, from \$3.50 to \$25 or more) in green, white, blue and pink.

Decorations: Plastic angels will seem more realistic. (One U.S. firm offers a choice of identically dressed choristers, one with a Negro head. But segregationists needn't worry; the heads are interchangeable.) Among 100 types of tree lights, snowballs, new this year, will probably surge well ahead of such passé novelties as sputniks and flying saucers. One mantel ornament for music lovers; a village scene mounted on a music box that plays Silent Night.

Cards: Three out of four (counting business firms' cards) will have some "personalized" printing. But sophisticates won't be having their names printed—just their addresses. Stock cards will take care of everybody: To The Milkman, To The Postman, To Stepfather, Canadian artists will be well represented with scenics, and super-patriots will go for a card saying Merry Christmas from

the Land of the Maple Leaf. Postal expedience has already taken the edge off a new star-shaped card: the manufacturer has dulled the points to make mailing easier.

For women: Merchants are promoting the formal, the elaborate—and the expensive. In furs, stoles will fade slightly in favor of very short jackets. The chic choice will be a 19-inch mink jacket with three-quarter sleeves. Evening hose will have a silver or gold sheen. A big-selling evening purse will have matching gloves in petit point. One reverse trend: women's ski jackets will be less showy, more practical. Mix-and-match outfits, already in vogue, will probably sell faster than ever. For the dining room, the trend will be to high-quality European china, glass, crystal and pottery, and formal banquet cloths with matching napkins (at \$500 to \$5,000 per set). In electrical appliances, luxury items: food blenders, electric blankets, automatic can-openers.

For men: They'll be the same old problem they always are, but retailers are counting on their wanting (or at least getting) aluminum skis (which cost twice the price of wooden ones but last more than twice as long), 35-mm reflex cameras and (all with transistors) AM-FM radios, portable TV

sets, tape recorders. (One Japanese tape recorder is under \$100.) In clothing, the call is out for cabana sets (swim trunks with matching jackets or shirts), driving gloves with pigskin palms and wool-and-raccoon tops, and Madras-type sportswear outfits. (Clerks have given up trying to convince wives that real Madras cloth, from India, is supposed to run when it's washed—the pattern improves each time.)

For girls: Praising the slick promotion of the new Disney movie, retailers will push Pollyanna Dolls (and Pollyanna Everything Else). They'll go easy on elaborate, untried gimmicks after the flop they had last year with scaled-down versions of mother's wardrobe, from tiny high-heeled shoes to miniature "mink" stoles.

For boys: With the space craze over and the cowboy craze crazier than ever, rockets, missiles and most other military toys will go the way of the Arrow. (One exception: lead soldiers are making a big comeback.) Toy rifles and shotguns will outsell holsters and six-shooters. Sidewalk bicycles (two-wheelers with an extra pair of beginners' wheels attached to the rear axle) are already winning the sales race against large-size tricycles.—SHIRLEY MAIR



TV plums—sour? / Boost for art theatres

THOSE NEW PRIVATE TV LICENSES may not prove to be such plums after all. Some potential advertisers are refusing to sign contracts unless they're guaranteed to get as many viewers as the stations promise. Some stations are turning down the demand, but one big pharmaceutical firm already has the guarantee in ad contracts with several "second" stations in highly competitive areas.

ART THEATRES—those movie houses specializing in artistic films (mostly foreign)—seem certain to get a foothold in Quebec. Exhibitors there, faced with tough censorship and no assurance of an audience, have always said it couldn't be done. Now they're shaking their heads in disbelief over the record-breaking attendance at Montreal's first International Film Festival last month.

Pictures the exhibitors themselves had turned down for regular houses drew sellout crowds. Though no films could be advertised as uncut, most were, as a special dispensation for the festival. One featured a nude girl having a swim. The only drastic censorship was the Italian government's; it wouldn't release La Terra Trema, which emphasizes poverty and misery in Italy. Now one exhibitor, Consolidated Theatres, sensing it has found a whole new audience that seldom went to movies before, is considering opening an art house in downtown Montreal—and hoping censorship will loosen up.

AUTO MECHANICS will soon have to think up a new line to replace the old one that begins, "Hate to tell you, Mister, but after we got 'er torn down, we found—" Computer specialists in

the U.S. Army have come up with an electronic machine that tells a mechanic what's wrong with a car before he even puts a wrench to it. It can be used both for routine checks and for detecting car troubles that otherwise can't be diagnosed without extensive labor.

THE LIE DETECTOR, alias polygraph, though never an unqualified success in police work, seems likely to gain widespread use among heart specialists. Doctors at the Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco gave polygraph tests to 20 coronary cases, 15 normal people and seven with functional heart disease, while subjecting them to irritating noises. The polygraph easily measured the extent of nervousness among the two ailing groups while recording the others as normal.

BACKSTAGE

IN NEWFOUNDLAND with Peter C. Newman

A visit with Captain Joey on his private island



THE PAST DECADE of great upheavals in the federal and provincial governments of Canada has left his island untouched. It remains as much the private political preserve of Joey Smallwood as it was in 1949 when he led Newfoundland into Confederation.

Until last spring, Smallwood headed a vestigial Liberal government in a nation that had turned Tory. He has always been a rebel among Canadian politicians.

This is a report on a day I recently spent with the Newfoundland premier. My first call was at his new office—a huge room near the summit of the newly opened \$9-million Confederation Building, where 2,500 provincial civil servants are now concentrated. His desk was a litter of documents, its only picture an autographed snapshot of Gene Tunney. He has pushbutton drapes and invariably shouts "All aboard!" when he steps into his private elevator.

From his office, Smallwood drove me sixty miles in his tug-size Cadillac to his farm where he now lives the year round. Its four hundred acres make it the largest cleared area and the most profitable farm in the province. With his sons he owns large herds of

cattle as well as pigs, chickens and mink. His magnificent birch-trimmed bungalow stands between two private lakes and a swimming pool.

After dinner, Smallwood handed me a walking stick which originally belonged to Mackenzie King, grabbed one himself that had been given him by Lord Beaverbrook, and we toured the estate. With his characteristic grasshopper gestures, the most acid-tongued of the country's public figures expounded his thoughts and comments on contemporary Canada:

On John Diefenbaker: "He's living up in the clouds. He thinks he's unvanquishable. He's wrapped himself up in the seamless garments of a god. What he needs is a big dose of humility . . . He still hates our guts because Newfoundland didn't bow down before him, like the rest of the country, in the 1958 election. It was a reminder that he's mortal, and he didn't like it."

Smallwood referred to Diefenbaker's 1959 announcement that the annual eight-million-dollar federal subsidy granted Newfoundland under Term 29 of the Confederation Treaty will run only until 1962. He called it "the most flagrant repudiation of a solemn constitutional agreement known to Canadian history." He compared the situation with Ottawa's promise to build a railway to the Pacific at the time of British Columbia's entry into Confederation: "The railway's still there. It's still operating. I've heard no suggestion of a time limit being placed on its operation."

On Lester Pearson: "He's wholesome. He's not a temperamental prima donna. He'd be a good prime minister, just as Diefenbaker would be an excellent out-of-office politician. The best kind of prime minister for Canada would be a man with Diefenbaker's out-of-office political skill, combined with Pearson's integrity."

Did Smallwood think there was a resurgence of Liberalism in the country? "No. It's much surer that people are fed up with the Tories; any Liberal revival needs a reshaping of the party. If Liberalism doesn't get to mean more than just added welfare measures, it'll deserve to die."

I asked Smallwood what Pearson had thought of the Newfoundland legislation that in effect bans from the island such unions as the Teamsters: "He hasn't told me. He certainly hasn't. And he'd better not try it."

On James Hoffa, the Teamster president: "He's the anti-Christ of North America."

On the new CCF-CLC political party: "They couldn't elect a dogcatcher in Newfoundland. I've got a theory about the attitude of the Canadian public to unions. They're friendly to the labor movement, but they believe it's been seized by professionals who have turned it into a machine. If my theory's right, the new CCF-labor party will get nowhere, because the public doesn't want labor to gain political power in addition to all the power it already has."

On Allister Grosart, national director of the Progressive Conservative party and Diefenbaker's campaign manager: "He's a thorn to Diefenbaker, a continued reminder that the man's divinity is limited."

On Louis St. Laurent, who officiated at the opening of the Confederation Building in St. John's: "He's a reminder of what a prime minister should look and sound like."

On W. J. Browne, the Newfoundland representative (minister without portfolio) in the Diefenbaker cabinet: "In the next election, he'll get the greatest licking of any political figure in the history of Newfoundland. No wonder Diefenbaker sent Donald

Fleming down here to see me last July instead of Browne: you don't send red rags to bulls."

On Donald Fleming: "I believe he'd like to establish friendly relations with Newfoundland."

On Joey Smallwood: "I want to get out of politics, but everything conspires to keep me in. I'd be out today if Diefenbaker hadn't knifed us on Term 29. I can't walk out now. I'm too much to blame for enticing Newfoundland into Confederation. What I'm dreading is hanging on until I'm too old to start a new career. There's nothing more pathetic than a politician hanging on to office . . . When I retire, I want to be completely free to write—my autobiography, a history of Newfoundland, perhaps a book on John Wesley."

I asked him what he considers his main accomplishments as premier. "During my past decade in office I've spent twice as much on education, more than twice as much on welfare, and four times as much on municipal improvements as had been spent in Newfoundland during the past century." His main weakness? "I've been too quick to believe what people told me."

Smallwood's current difficulties with Ottawa haven't changed his attitude toward Confederation. "It was," he said, "the greatest blessing from God, next to life itself, ever conferred upon the people of Newfoundland."

Despite such purple praise, Newfoundland probably faces more serious problems than any other Canadian province. People are leaving the island at a far slower rate than the pre-Confederation exodus of five thousand a year, but there are still more Newfoundlanders in Boston than in St. John's.

Newfoundland retains the lowest standard of living in Canada, and the highest rate of unemployment in North America. Last winter, twenty-five percent of the labor force—nearly four times the Canadian average—was out of work. Well over half the families in Newfoundland have at least two children in school and earn incomes of less than three thousand dollars a year. Civil service pay now starts as low as \$656 a year for manual laborers. About seventy-five thousand Newfoundlanders live in three hundred coves and settlements that are almost as isolated now as they were three centuries ago.

While Smallwood's government has been able to lighten some of the hardship, his opponents insist that much of the money he has spent is wasted in extravagances. "The time has come," I was told the next day by Jim Greene, the new Conservative leader, "when we have to get an administration primarily concerned with the welfare of the province. We're not being properly served by the obviously dictatorial regime we have at the moment. It'll take Newfoundland a generation to recover from Smallwood." Greene, a thirty-two-year-old Rhodes scholar, was first elected to the legislature last year. He's a brilliant lawyer with a political dedication beyond his years, but he's no match in debate with Joey Smallwood.

With thirty-one of the thirty-six seats in the House of Assembly, Smallwood runs the legislature with a mixture of informality and martial control. He sometimes sits at his legislative desk listening to a portable radio, but if he has an early luncheon appointment the House adjourns early.

The debates are not over-inspiring. When George Nightingale, a garage owner who sits as a Liberal for St. John's North, was called to order recently by the Speaker for improperly addressing remarks to a minister, he replied: "My apologies, Mr. Speaker. I thought you were asleep." ★

BACKGROUND

Why a young father went to the U.S. to be sterilized

Every year, an uncounted number of Canadian men slip across the U.S. border for an operation they can't legally undergo in Canada. One man who made this trip is a 26-year-old engineer from the prairies. He agreed to describe his experience, provided his name was not used. Here is his story:

I WAS STERILIZED in the United States because my wife and I decided it was the only way we could continue to have a happy marriage. Certainly, we wanted children; but after my wife had four babies in four years of marriage, we realized that, for us at least, there could be no such thing as planned parenthood, even with the most up-to-date methods of birth control. My wife's fear of pregnancy was reaching the point where our marriage was threatened.

We were living in Quebec when I first inquired about sterilization. Our family doctor told me that, because of the way the law was interpreted there, he was committing an illegal act even by advising me about sterilization. But he had performed the operation many times in Asia and considered it medically

and morally sound in the right circumstances. He suggested I inquire in western Canada, where this section of the Criminal Code is interpreted more liberally. But a doctor in Alberta and three in B.C. all gave me the same story: in my circumstances, I couldn't be legally sterilized.

I learned that even in western Canada, no woman can be sterilized unless pregnancy would seriously endanger her health; and no man can be sterilized unless sterilization is necessary to protect his health (e.g., by preventing an infection from spreading through his system) or to keep him from passing on a serious hereditary disease, such as congenital blindness or feeble-mindedness.

A friend told me he had been sterilized in Seattle by a doctor who had done the operation on 1,000 other men. From the Washington State Medical Association I got the names of two doctors who perform this operation, known as a vasectomy. One was in Seattle, the other in a town near the border. I chose the closer one.

I made the trip by bus and was in the doctor's

office about an hour. My wife and I had already, before a witness, signed the consent paper that this doctor always insists on. In 30 or 40 minutes, the doctor, working without a nurse, gave me a local anesthetic, made the incision, tied up the tubes and closed the incision again.

He told me that eight or nine out of ten of his vasectomy cases were Canadians. I asked if the practice was abused by men wanting simply to free themselves for an uninhibited sex life. He said a few men might have that in mind. Other doctors might oblige them, but he himself won't operate unless the man is the father of at least three children, and his marriage seems likely to benefit.

I paid the doctor his \$70 fee (he said the standard rate in Seattle is \$100), went to a café for dinner, then walked about a mile to catch my bus.

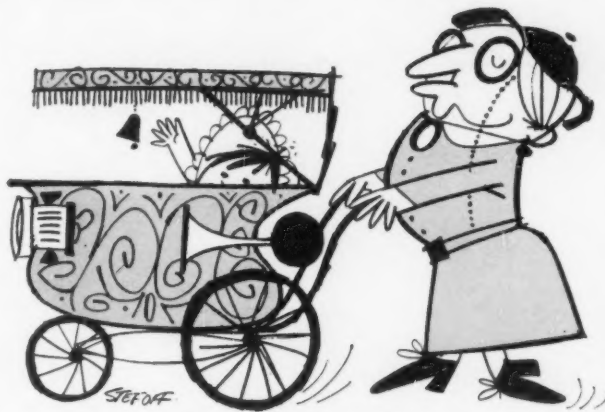
For a day or two I had a dull pain similar to stomach cramps; then for another four days, the incisions were slightly irritating. The only lasting effect has been a wonderful feeling of relief—a feeling my wife shares.

Looking for an English servant? Money isn't enough

YOUR CHANCES of hiring a proper English servant are getting slimmer every day.

Butlers: When Thomas Cronin accepted a job in Miami last month, after being sacked by Antony Armstrong-Jones, the publicity sharply increased the North American demand for an already-rare commodity. Even if you can afford \$14,000 a year—the salary Cronin is said to be getting—you probably won't lure a butler unless you can also offer him: (1) a big household staff to boss, (2) a large silver service to polish, (3) an expansive wine cellar to superintend. If it's a valet you want, you can be one-up on rival employers by feigning a deep appreciation of a manservant who's able to put an "antique bloom" on his master's shoes.

Maids: With Britain's economy booming, English girls are passing up overseas offers for office and factory jobs at home. If you apply to a British employment agency, you'll probably be offered a European girl who's worked 6 to 18 months in Britain. The agencies say these maids are more refined anyhow, since many are middle-class girls following the old custom of learning English by working abroad as domestics. You might get one on a one-year contract for as little



NANNY'S PRAM: Not just a buggy but a status symbol.

as \$60 a month, plus room, board and one-way passage. But she'll expect a photo and references from you, in exchange for hers.

Nannies: Most English ones are too devoted to their calling to consider office or factory jobs. But few are

willing to come to Canada, for fear of: (1) losing their special social status; (2) having few chances of chinwagging with other nannies in the park; (3) being asked to do other household work. ("No properly trained nanny," says one London agent, "would ever consider getting down on her hands and knees to wash the floor.") Worst of all, a nanny who moved to Canada might have to wheel a plain, practical baby carriage, instead of the elaborate English pram that is her status symbol in Britain. Salary (if you can find one who'll accept at any price): probably \$200 a month, plus room, board, uniform and passage over.

Miscellaneous servants: British agencies offer cooks of cordon-bleu standard (\$200 a month), footmen-chauffeurs (\$100 up) and wine stewards (\$150). But, like the butlers, they probably won't come unless they're convinced your household befits their talents. Faced with such reluctance, many a Canadian chatelaine wanting only one servant has lately used a most undignified ploy: she finds out what work the servant (usually a maid) is willing to do, then eagerly agrees to handle all the other chores herself.

—DON GORDON

FOOTNOTES

About Chinese names: They're one of the RCMP's biggest puzzles in detecting illegal immigrants from China. A Chinese is given one name when he's born, another when he starts school, a third when he marries. "And then," says a harried Mountie, "he comes to Canada and anglicizes one of them." The RCMP is finding, from correspondence it seized, that any or all of an individual's names may be used.

About odors: Many of the items we buy are already scented to make them smell "genuine." (Even some second-hand cars get sprayed with a "new-car smell.") But now a toothbrush manufacturer has gone a step farther: scenting children's toothbrushes to make them smell (but not taste) like ice cream. The kids can choose between vanilla, orange, lemon, lime, strawberry and chocolate.

About shoes: Inventors are trying new tricks with them. In Hollywood, the new rage is a backless, strapless pump that really stays on with no visible means of adherence. A permanent magnet in its heel keeps the shoe attached to a thin piece of metal that the wearer either tapes to her foot or slips into a special pocket in the heel of her stocking. In Toronto, an inventor has come up with a walking shoe with a built-in bellows, said to keep the foot cool and dry by pumping in a gust of air with every step.

About drinking: Imbibers have a new excuse for having that "one more for the road" — they'll be making themselves less vulnerable to fallout. Jack Schubert, a senior chemist at the Argonne National Laboratory, Chicago, says the people most likely to survive a surprise nuclear attack are those caught dead drunk in an underground cold-storage room. The cold and the

shielding, plus the dehydration of tissues caused by drinking, have all been found to help animals withstand radiation.

About amputees: In World War II, Douglas Bader overcame a prewar handicap and won fame as the legless ace of the RAF. Now similar amputees may find that their loss of legs are even an *asset* in space travel. Col. J. P. Stapp of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, says an interplanetary traveler will find his legs not only get in the way but use up food and oxygen that can be put to better use by the rest of his body.

About eating out: Canadian families don't make a habit of it nearly often enough to suit the Canadian Restaurant Association, which co-operated in a recent coast-to-coast survey. It found that in 56% of all families, *nobody* ever eats out. The worst stay-at-homes are in Quebec, where only 35% of

all families ever eat a restaurant meal as a group. B.C. families are at the other end of the scale, at 52%. Other regions: Maritimes, 36%; Ontario, 50%; prairies, 44%.

About inflation: Among 35 countries surveyed by a big U.S. bank, ten other nations' currencies (including the U.S. dollar) have fared better than the Canadian dollar in the past 10 years. By last year, in terms of a 1949 dollar, our dollar was worth only 79 cents. Portugal came out best of all, with only a 10% decline in currency value. The worst inflation has been in Bolivia; its currency declined to 1% of its 1949 value.

About houses: Two-story models—with four bedrooms — may be ripe for a big comeback. A Toronto contractor, sensing that the bungalow might be losing its appeal, gambled on two-story houses this season. They outsold all other types.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: A new attempt to choke the press with a "code of freedom"

THIS YEAR'S GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the United Nations will have so many urgent tasks before it that many people may not even notice the revival of a proposed UN Convention on Freedom of Information. Even those who notice it at all might well pass on with an approving nod — after all, Freedom of Information is a Good Thing, isn't it?

It is, and this is just why the proposed UN Convention on the subject should be decisively defeated. The innocuous title is a deliberate camouflage. This is an attempt not to broaden but to limit the free exchange of information in the world, and to obtain the appearance of United Nations approval for various interferences with freedom of the press that are already commonplace in some countries. It defines the freedom of information in such terms as to make sure that in any signatory country, information shall be exactly as free as the government says it should be, no more and no less.

True, the nations most likely to put tyrannous restrictions on the press are the ones that are doing it already. They are not deterred by the lack of United Nations approval, nor is the defeat of a draft UN Convention likely to make them mend their ways in future. Nevertheless, the matter is of more than academic importance. Some democratic governments (the French, for one) often resort to suppressions of which

they are rather ashamed, and these would surely be encouraged by such a plausible proof of respectability as a United Nations resolution.

Moreover, we should not be too smugly certain that the governments of other free countries, including our own, will never yield to the temptation to forbid publication of unpalatable facts. The late Premier Duplessis of Quebec found means to visit effective punishment on newspapers in the province that criticized him, with the result that few ever did; only now are we beginning to learn the truth about that rascally regime. The first Social Credit government of Alberta enacted restrictions on the freedom of the press which were removed only by the Supreme Court of Canada. It may be unlikely but it is not inconceivable that some day a government of similar mind may attain power in Ottawa. Any such government, here or abroad, would find a UN Convention very helpful in averting public indignation against an enforcement of docility.

This particular proposal is not new at the United Nations. It was first put forward about a dozen years ago. Significantly it was endorsed by the countries with the worst record for censorship and suppression, and defeated by the Western countries where free expression is a sacred tradition. We trust that the UN this time will not be too busy, or too preoccupied with other more important duties, to defeat it again.

MAILBAG: Did Catherine Jones overlook the smart spies? / Elliot Lake "no ghost town"

Catherine Jones' comment, "The experts estimate that little of the information gained by spies in the field is accurate enough to send home" is absurd (Spies were always stupid, Aug. 13). She should carefully read the June 27, 1946, Report of the Canadian Royal Commission (following the Gouzenko case). Has she forgotten about the secrets transmitted by Fuchs and the Rosenbergs?—NORMAN J. RUSTIGIAN, MONTREAL.

✓ I heartily agree that what this country needs is less dubious espionage and more Good Works. Creation of a department of good works would fill a long-felt



need, and I hereby nominate the obvious, indeed the only, person for the post of minister, Rawhide's Granny. — P. F. BENOIT, WRIGHTVILLE, P.Q.

Elliot Lake growing—in stature

Elliot Lake's Glamorous Rise and Bitter Fall (July 16) was not only pessimistically prejudicial but grossly unfair to the community and citizens of the town. A few closed businesses and boarded-up houses do not make a ghost town. During the past year, Elliot Lake has grown in stature from an expensive government-subsidized group of buildings, peopled by get-rich-quick opportunists, to a community united in heart, conscience and fighting spirit.

Is it so unreasonable to expect the provincial and dominion governments, after having taken a risky gamble with millions of tax dollars in 1955, to make every effort to salvage as many of those millions as possible by a large-scale salvage operation in 1960?

This is not a case of saving one man's home or another man's business; this is taxpayers' money, and a great deal of it, which will soon be wasted if the gigantic physical plant already established at Elliot Lake is not utilized by new industries brought into the town.—B. A. KING, ELLIOT LAKE, ONT.

"Let's teach pride in ancestry"

As I read Marika Robert's reportage about the Hungarian aristocrats in Canada (The titled handymen from Hungary, July 30) I was astonished by the following passage: "It seems that children are more often ashamed than proud of their ancestry. They find it sometimes uncomfortable to have immigrants—even noble ones—for parents." Of course, if the child is ashamed of his origin, this is the fault of the parents. Each nation has a glorious history and each nation has its heroes. My children know the history of my nation. They always ask me to tell the story and they are proud to be Hungarian-born, even though they are studying in French-Canadian schools.—DR. THOMAS T. LEGRADY, MONTREAL.

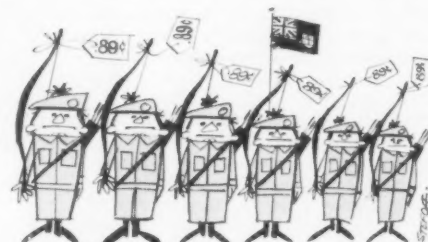
Our "Red propaganda" on hot war

I was deeply disturbed to read Ian Sclanders' article, Is the U.S. talking itself into hot war? (July 30). That "Canada's National Magazine" should publish such rubbish is sad and dangerous. It is easy for Canadians to criticize the U.S. when we do not have the same awful responsibility. We may not agree with . . . the wisdom of certain American policies, but, like Allen R. Waterford (Mailbag, Aug. 27), I say, "Thank God for the United States" and let us hope that our American friends realize that Sclanders does not speak for all—or even a majority of—Canadians.—JOHN W. H. DOHERTY, OTTAWA.

✓ Thank God for the sanity of Sclanders' view . . . —JAMES B. CUMMINGS, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

✓ Thank God (and men who know we need it) for the Polaris missile and other similar additions to our

deterrent force. Your article states U.S. defense spending is \$231 per capita, while Canada's is \$89



per capita. If you equipped the Canadian Army with bows and arrows, you could cut that \$89 to .89 per capita.—ALAN TARBOLTON, PANORAMA CITY, CALIF.

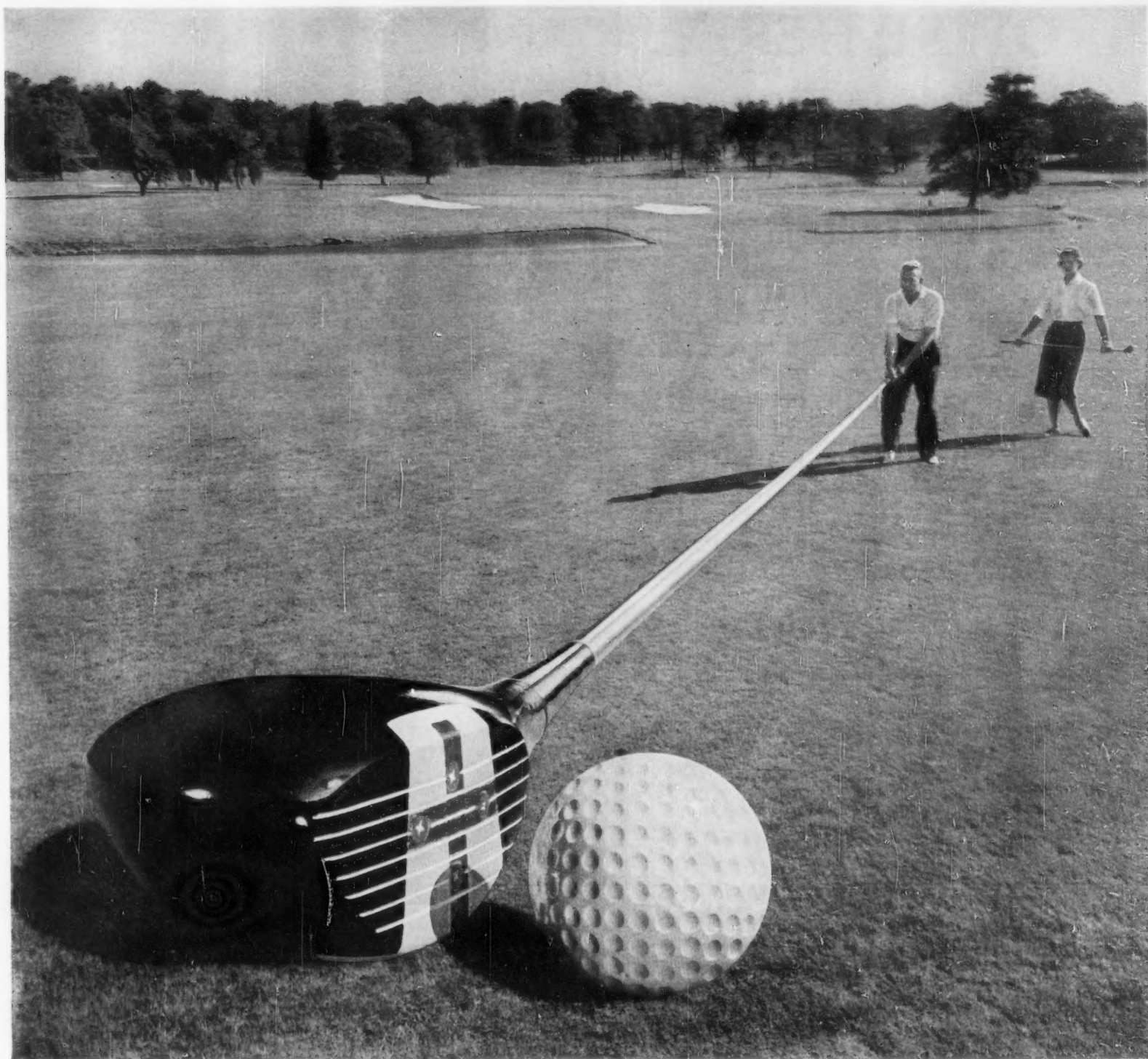
✓ I am a Canadian living in the United States for the past six years. My work takes me into all parts of the country . . . I personally have come across very few Americans (one, to be exact) who are as hysterical about the "hot war" as those interviewed by Mr. Sclanders. Possibly if he fished for information among others than TV writers, off-beat politicians and Washington lobbyists, his viewpoint might be more reasonable.—P. LECKIE-EWING, LIGONIER, PA.

✓ . . . absolute Communist propaganda . . . —JEAN HAMILTON, CORNWALL, ONT.

✓ . . . timely, and appreciated by many people who have known what war means.—NORMAN PRITCHARD, COURTENAY, B.C.

✓ Ian Sclanders' article should be taken to heart by all who have respect for humanity and especially the younger generations. Joe McCarthy laid the foundation for the scare propaganda in the U.S.A. and the militarists are making hay while the sun shines.—W. CHARLES WEBSTER, OLIVER, B.C.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 74



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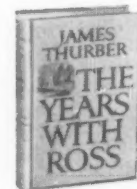
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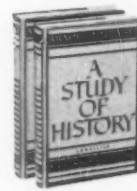
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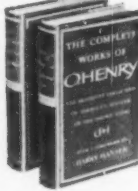
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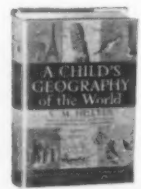
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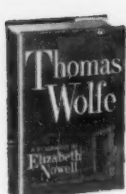
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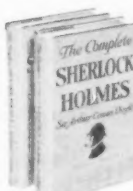
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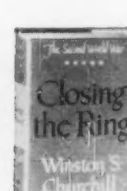
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THE COVER

John Little, a Montreal artist, used detail from two Quebec City stores in his painting of a summer street scene. The corner store he depicts may be a composite building, but it's typical, he says, of the stores that provide a focal point for an evening of talk.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Lois Harrison / 17-19, Ray Webber / 20, 21, Jack V. Long / 22, RCAF / K. H. Darke / 23, Montreal Gazette / 26, 27, Bettman Archive / 28, Bell Telephone Company of Can. / 29, Ken Bell / 30-33, Peter Anderson.

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For the sake of argument



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN ASKS

Why don't Canadians grow up and stop hating the States?

I've been in Canada two months on a visit home from Florida, and I feel fairly certain now that Canadians are the smuggest race left on earth. I've been snowed under by hoary lore about the superiority of Canadian craftsmanship, economics, morals and artistic integrity and have run into such blind bigotry and complacent malice toward the United States that I've become embarrassed for my fellow Canadians. I've heard that Canadian schools are superior to American schools so often that one of these days I'm going to ask somebody to prove it. I've heard Canadians repeat like ruffled parrots that Americans don't know anything about Canada, that Americans persist in using a different scale of dress sizes from Canadians just to annoy Canadians, and that they are so perverse that they even have a different gallon from the one Canada (the normal world) has. As one furious Canadian said to me the other night:

"What's wrong with them down there anyway?"

The great Canadian obsession

I don't know what's wrong with them. But I know what's wrong with Canadians: they've gone slightly out of their minds on the subject of the United States. They've become the victims of a fixed idea—the idea that the first step toward being right is to establish that the United States is wrong. It's turning them into a spectator nation, a breed of carping Monday-morning quarterbacks, and they're getting worse every time I come up here. They can't speak intelligently about Americans, or civilly about Americans, or calmly about Americans, or get their minds off Americans. It's become the great Canadian obsession, and it has also reached a point where it's becoming funny.

During the closed-circuit telecast of the Johansson-Patterson fight at Loew's Uptown theatre in Toronto, just after someone

had stood in the ring and sung the Swedish national anthem, some guy sitting behind me exploded vehemently:

"Well, if that isn't like those ignorant Americans, turning around and walking out for a hotdog in the middle of someone else's national anthem."

His crony said in a rather strained, embarrassed voice: "That was Johansson walking up to the ring."

The guy was so wound up about Americans that he was having delusions, and he wasn't much different from a lot of Canadians I've been meeting. Canada used to be represented by a big, smiling outdoor character in shirtsleeves. A more appropriate figure these days would be a little short guy who is always trying to prove something by picking fights. I think it's time he grew up and stopped hating the States.

I think before the Canadians shake their heads in such happy exasperation at every new fiasco in the United States' handling of foreign affairs they should remind themselves that infallibility is a spectator's virtue, and stop discussing American setbacks with a sense of personal triumph, as if they'd just heard that the Maple Leafs had beaten the Boston Bruins thirty-five to nothing. If the Americans receive too many defeats there'll be nobody left to protect Canada but God, and I don't think it has been proved yet that He is a Canadian, although I'm sure a lot of guys I meet over in Murray's Restaurant are working on it.

There's still too much for Canada to do to leave time for hate-the-States rallies. Although Canada had the same start as the United States and got the bigger half of the same continent, it is still light-years behind the U.S. economically. The Canadian mid-west is still largely undeveloped. The first highway across the country isn't yet completed. Religious and racial relations aren't nearly as enlight- CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN ASKS

Why don't Canadians grow up and stop hating the States?

I've been in Canada two months on a visit home from Florida, and I feel fairly certain now that Canadians are the smuggest race left on earth. I've been snowed under by hoary lore about the superiority of Canadian craftsmanship, economics, morals and artistic integrity and have run into such blind bigotry and complacent malice toward the United States that I've become embarrassed for my fellow Canadians. I've heard that Canadian schools are superior to American schools so often that one of these days I'm going to ask somebody to prove it. I've heard Canadians repeat like ruffled parrots that Americans don't know anything about Canada, that

had stood in the ring and sung the Swedish national anthem, some guy sitting behind me exploded vehemently:

"Well, if that isn't like those ignorant Americans, turning around and walking out for a hotdog in the middle of someone else's national anthem."

His crony said in a rather strained, embarrassed voice: "That was Johansson walking up to the ring."

The guy was so wound up about Americans that he was having delusions, and he wasn't much different from a lot of Canadians I've been meeting. Canada used to be represented by a big, smiling outdoor character in shirtsleeves. A more appropriate figure these days would be a little short guy who is

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OVERSEAS REPORT

BY LESLIE F. HANNON



Hannon watches Welsh nationalists send signals from a cottage hideout.

The rather shallow underground of the Welsh nationalists

CARDIFF — It was raining and as dark as the pits of the Rhondda when we set out. With Huw at the wheel, we slipped along the slick streets out of Cardiff and, immediately, up onto the hairpin bends of the mountain road. At a stone cottage on a hedged byroad we picked up Emlyn, and drove farther into the head of the vale until a giant figure moved into the headlight beam, and waved us down. Huw parked in a gateway and we walked the rest of the way, up a winding steep lane. Past a silent dog, we entered a typical smallholder's cottage — typical, that is, except for a radio transmitter square in the middle of the living room.

This was one of the twelve secret transmitters of the illegal Radio Wales, through which the nationalists who hope to throw off the yoke of English rule get their propaganda and news to the two and a half million people in the thirteen counties of Wales.

Each transmitter is on the air at least once a week, and never from the same place twice. The sets are all fixed to operate on the BBC's Channel 5 TV frequency. When a Radio Wales broadcast is planned, the operators begin cutting into the BBC's sound during station breaks with a recorded three-note signal banged out on a saucepan—a steal from the theme of a well-known song. Television viewers within a 25-mile radius of the secret transmitter are thus informed that, when the BBC closes down at 11 p.m., a Radio Wales program will follow.

The scene in the cottage would have fitted perfectly into a resistance story from wartime Europe — indeed, one of the operators

served with Tito's Partisans. But if the props were perfect, the atmosphere was not. The "conspirators" take pains to ensure secrecy, in their game of hare-and-hounds with the Post Office detection vans, but I'm sure they'd really love to be caught. A prosecution would give the nationalists a wonderful stage on which to air their grievances against London's radio and TV policy in particular and against England in general. The unrepentant sinners would be strongly defended by the Plaid Cymru. This is the political party that, since 1925, has been seeking home rule for Wales and, from a later date, a Welsh seat at the United Nations. Its Welsh name means Party of Wales.

It's a fair bet that Plaid Cymru has the hardest row to hoe of any political party in the Commonwealth. Though it has slightly over 15,000 members, it has yet to elect a candidate to important office anywhere. It is devoted to the preservation of the ancient Welsh tongue, and its official notepaper lists the party headquarters as being in Caerdydd (English: Cardiff). It appeals mostly to Welshmen who speak only a few phrases of their Brythonic language.

At the last general election, the nationalists got 5.2 percent of the Welsh vote. Their next test will be at the by-election later this fall at Ebbw Vale to fill the throne of the late Aneurin Bevan. Plaid Cymru doesn't stand a chance of winning the seat, but would be cheered if its man got 5,000 votes — where the great Nye, who couldn't speak Welsh, used to rack up majorities of 30,000.

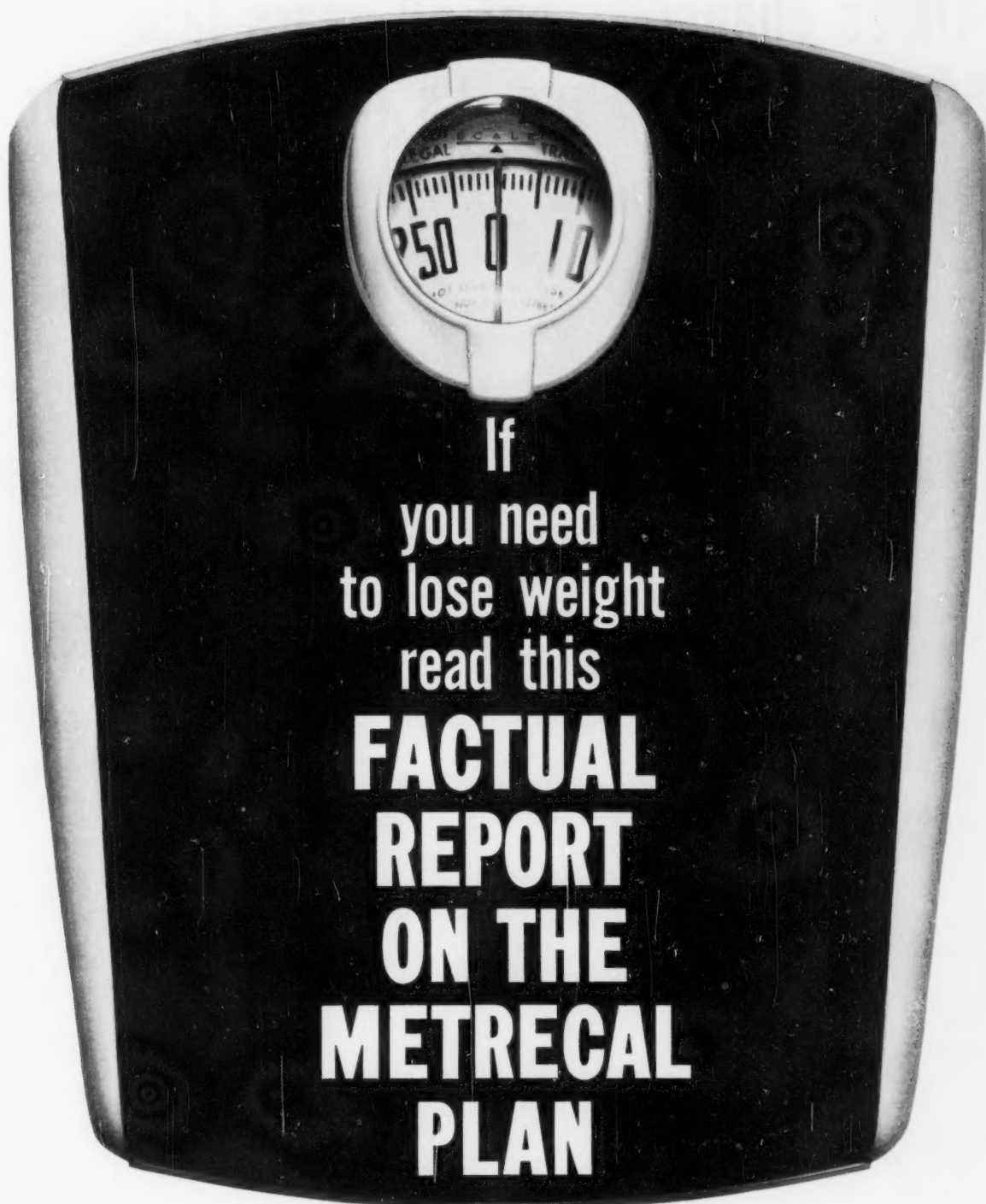
Plaid Cymru is led by Gwynfor Evans, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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Response to date has been outstanding. However, many people have asked for more information on the Metrecal Plan for weight control. To them, and to stress the physician's important role in weight control problems, Mead Johnson offers this report.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a "dietary" powder, providing protein, carbohydrate, fats, vitamins and minerals in amounts necessary for sound nutrition. Mixed with water, it becomes a pleasant-tasting beverage of the consistency of milk. With the Metrecal Plan, each 8 ounce tin, enough for one day's dieting, contains 900 calories—low enough to help you take off excess pounds, yet high enough to meet your nutritional needs while you reduce. Metrecal

comes in three flavours: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

Is it safe to use?

Clinical tests show that the Metrecal Plan is quite safe when taken as directed. The Metrecal Plan is effective and well-accepted by most people. Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme. Extremely overweight individuals, patients with kidney, heart and blood vessel diseases, and others who require special diets should always consult their physicians before trying any reducing programme.

How does the plan work?

The Metrecal Plan helps you take off weight because it gives you a lower caloric intake than is necessary to maintain weight. To produce maximum weight loss, Metrecal is recommended as the only source of food for the initial period. The tests have shown that excess weight disappears rapidly and readily.

To maintain a desired weight or reduce more slowly, Metrecal may be used as the total daily diet two or three days a week, with normal meals being eaten on other days.

Will it satisfy the appetite?

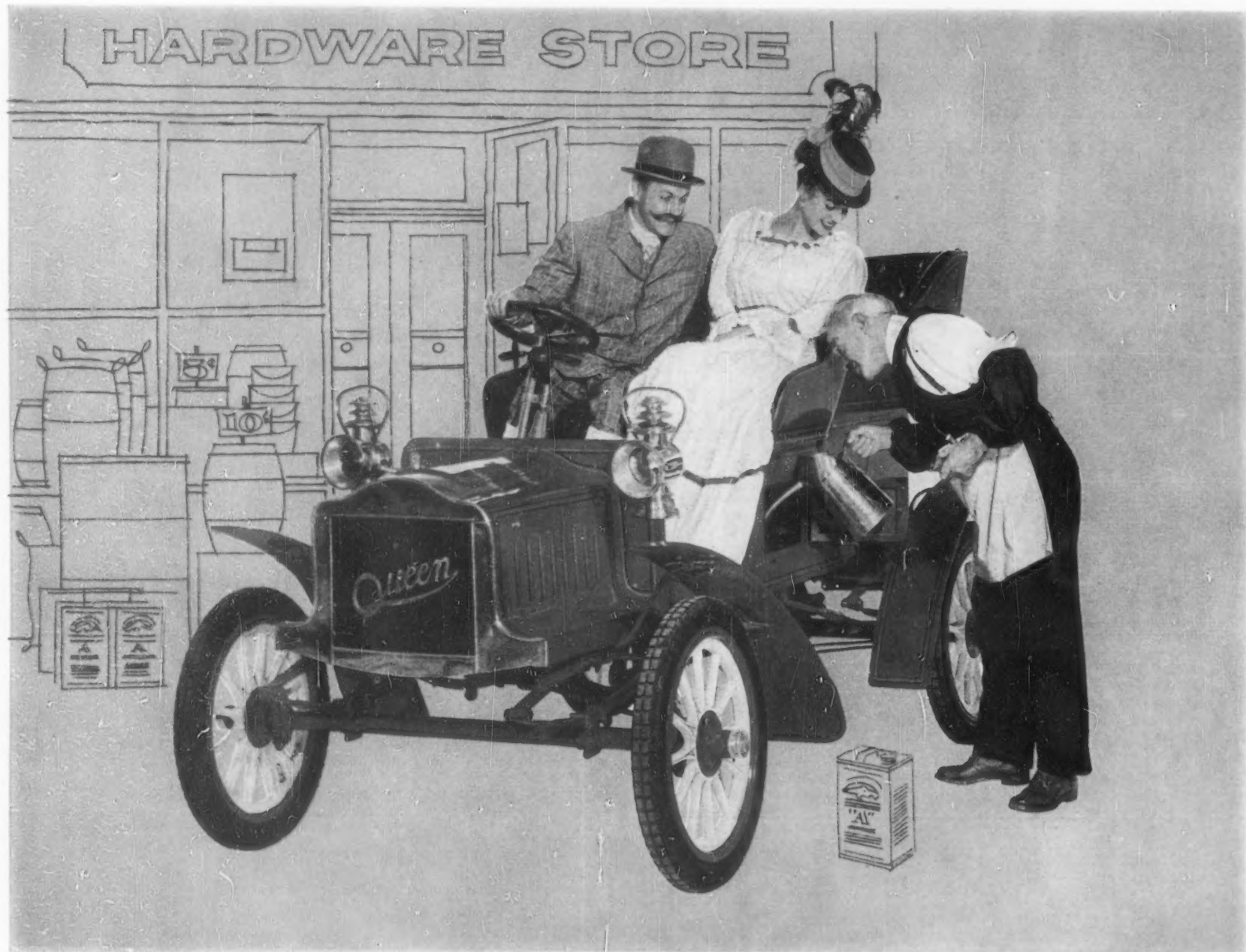
With the Metrecal Plan, four glasses of Metrecal daily satisfy most appetites. Because of this "appetite-satisfying factor" and the pleasant taste, the Metrecal Plan is quite easy for most people to follow.

Is it expensive?

Definitely not. One 8 ounce can—enough to make a full day's supply of four glasses—is just \$1.59 at your drug store. Thus, each Metrecal "meal" costs under 40¢, probably less than you would pay for food.

Metrecal is made by Mead Johnson, a leading manufacturer of pharmaceutical and nutritional products. It is a product you can trust to give effective, predictable weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from just four glasses a day.

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Dr. Gordon Bell
speaks out on

NEW ADDICTIONS: THE MENACE OF THE "HARMLESS" DRUGS

Tranquilizers, pep-up pills and other seemingly innocent new drugs are making thousands of new addicts every year, this internationally recognized drug authority says in an interview with Sidney Katz, associate editor of Maclean's

Dr. R. Gordon Bell is the director of a Toronto clinic for alcoholics and other addicts. He is also a special lecturer at the University of Toronto, a member of the medical advisory board of the Alcoholism Research Foundation, and a consultant to the Ontario Department of Reform Institutions.

DR. BELL, YOU HAVE EXPRESSED DEEP CONCERN ABOUT "THE UNKNOWN MENACE OF THE NEW ADDICTIONS" — CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS MORE FULLY?

I am alarmed because each year dozens of new drugs appear on the market and the public enthusiastically consumes tons of them. The frightening aspect of this drug binge is that we know little about the effect of taking these new pills, in quantity, over a period of time — other than that many of them are habit-forming, and that addiction to them can lead to physical breakdown and general demoralization, even death.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



NEW DRUGS ARE MAKING NEW ADDICTS



Back in 1800, there were perhaps three or four drugs that could be described as habit-forming. Today, there are scores. Many of them are easily available. We haven't the slightest idea how many people are already addicted to these newer substances, or are becoming addicted to them.

While I have no precise statistics, evidence suggests that more of these new habit-forming drugs are being made and sold than could possibly be purchased for purely legitimate use.

Mind you, the new drugs — the tranquilizers, psychic energizers, barbiturates and amphetamines — have been a blessing to the patient when they're taken under medical direction. What worries me is the unsupervised self-administration of these drugs.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE NEWER HABIT-FORMING SUBSTANCES?

I will start with the so-called tranquilizers, such as Equanil and Miltown. Like alcohol, they are nervous-system depressants and they effectively allay anxiety, tension and other kinds of emotional discomfort. When the tranquilizers came on the market six or seven years ago, they were hailed as being harmless and non-habit-forming. This is pure nonsense. At present, I'm treating a number of tranquilizer addicts, the victims of too many "peace of mind" pills. Doctors generally prescribe two or three tranquilizer pills a day. Some of my patients have worked themselves up to twenty or thirty pills a day. They're in trouble — deep trouble.

I'm also treating people who have become hooked on another group of slow-down drugs, the barbiturates. Barbitol, the original member of the barbiturate family, appeared in 1902. Since then, about fifty other barbiturates have been developed, including phenobarbital, Nembutal, Seconal, Sodium Amytal, and Tuinal. I've known addicts to take twenty to thirty times the prescribed dosage during a twenty-four-hour period.

Finally, there are the older nerve depressants such as the bromides, paraldehyde and chloral hydrate. I place them last on the list because they're going out of fashion. The current boom is in tranquilizers.

YOU HAVE REFERRED TO DRUGS THAT DEPRESS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. HOW ABOUT THE PEP-UP PILLS?

There are dozens of them now on the market, the latest ones being the psychic energizers. Because they've been used for only a year or two, virtually nothing is known about their habit-forming properties. However, I can say this: they're more effective than any other stimulant I know of, and I predict that psychic-energizer addicts will soon be showing up at my clinic for treatment.

I have treated several patients for addiction to an older type of stimulant — synthetic drugs belonging to the amphetamine group, like Benzedrine, Methedrine and Dexedrine. Amphetamines went on sale in 1930 and there's been plenty of time for hundreds of unsuspecting men and women to become trapped by them. They can be taken

as an inhalant for nose congestion. Dieters use them to curb their appetites. Long-distance truck drivers and students use them to stay awake at night.

The sale of stimulants is brisk in Canada, just as it is in other countries. A few years ago, a Japanese study revealed that more than 1½ million people were heavy consumers of an amphetamine preparation called Wake-amines. The most frequent users were in their twenties and late teens.

No conscientious doctor would prescribe psychic energizers or amphetamines for the trivial reasons I've mentioned. They can cause serious injury. They make the heart race, they raise the blood pressure. They mask the body's normal symptoms of fatigue, and can trap a person into pushing himself to the physical breaking point and sudden collapse.

To learn something about the effects of the amphetamine compounds, I put myself on a daily dose of Dexedrine not long ago. I had boundless energy, my spirit was buoyant and I was never tired. I was so cheerful and optimistic that it affected the soundness of my judgment. Abandoning the drug after ten days was distressing. I lacked physical and mental drive for a day or so. I had trouble making decisions, I was depressed, irritable and unable to concentrate. From this, you can judge the catastrophic effects of taking, say, 3,000 milligrams a day of an amphetamine compound for months on end. I've treated a patient addicted to a dose of that size. (The usual prescribed dose is 10 to 15 milligrams a day.) On large doses of amphetamine, addicts deteriorate physically and psychologically; indeed, some of them pay for their addiction with their lives.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE A CASE OF TRANQUILIZER ADDICTION?

I treated a man in his mid-forties, an alcoholic who was no longer drinking. His doctor prescribed three tranquilizer pills a day to allay his tenseness. Within a month, the patient noticed that he had to increase his dosage to experience the same degree of tranquility. Two months later he was taking twenty tablets a day. When he stopped the drug, he became very agitated and shaky and eventually had convulsions. His weight dropped from 150 to 100 pounds. At times, after taking a mouthful of pills, he would stagger like a drunk. Just what fate awaits these addicts — physically and psychologically — I don't think anybody is yet prepared to say.

WHICH IS MORE SERIOUS, ADDICTION TO ALCOHOL OR THE NEW DRUGS?

The new drugs are more dangerous. Alcohol has been with us for hundreds of years and we've managed to learn a few things about alcoholism. The new drugs pose an unknown threat. We don't know how habit-forming they are, how many addicts there are, or how the addicts can be effectively treated. Nor do we know the effects on the body of using the drugs for an extended period.



RAY WEBBER: STARKMAN CHEMISTS

From the practical point of view, a package of pills is easier to carry and hide than a bottle of alcohol. The new drugs appear to be readily available in quantity, even though most of them are on the prescription list. Addicts get prescriptions from half a dozen doctors and get them filled at different drugstores. Many of the new drugs are just as cheap to buy as alcohol. The withdrawal symptoms are harder to endure than the withdrawal symptoms of alcohol, and persist longer.

An alarming development is that some people are now consuming sizeable quantities of *both* alcohol and the new drugs. A man will have two or three tranquilizers and then go out to a party where he'll have four or five drinks. So here we have a person mixing two kinds of depressants. The cumulative effect of such combinations could be very serious.

HOW WOULD I KNOW IF I WERE BECOMING ADDICTED TO A DRUG?

Ask yourself the following questions: Do I have to keep increasing my dosage to get the same effects? Has my appetite been seriously impaired? If the drug is a sedative or depressant, does it make me stagger instead of putting me to sleep? Do I have to keep taking the drug to live in reasonable comfort? When I stop taking the drug, do I have painful withdrawal symptoms, both physical and psychological? If you give "yes" answers to even some of these questions, then you're in danger of becoming a full-blown addict.

In connection with addiction, there are some points that bear further investigation. Is there, for instance, such a thing as an addictive personality? If there is, how can it be identified early in life? What are the most effective ways of rehabilitating various kinds of addicts? What is the effect of taking various combinations of depressants and stimulants?

ARE DOCTORS GENERALLY AWARE OF THE ADDICTIVE QUALITIES OF THE NEW DRUGS?

Unfortunately, too many of them are not. Many doctors now in practice graduated at a time when several of the new drugs were unknown and before there was adequate instruction in the diagnosis and treatment of addiction. Doctors are busy, and many of them don't know their patients very well. They may continue to prescribe a stimulant or a depressant to a man with a serious drinking problem without knowing that he has that problem. This is inviting trouble. The problem drinker is particularly vulnerable to the newer drugs.

ARE THE PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANIES RESPONSIBLE IN ANY WAY FOR THE INCREASE IN ADDICTION TO THE NEWER DRUGS?

I don't think any reputable pharmaceutical company deliberately sets out to make addicts. On the other hand, the nature of the drug business today tends to encourage over-consumption. Competition for

sales is keen. An endless procession of new products appears, pushed by advertising campaigns and personal visits to physicians.

The drug companies could help in the present situation by publicizing the fact that many of their products are habit-forming. At present, they soft-pedal this information.

Too many products are made available to the public before their addictive qualities are explored. For example, when heroin was introduced in 1898, it was praised because it was non-habit-forming. Doctors prescribed it to morphine addicts as a way of weaning them off the drug. It took them fifteen years to realize that heroin was as habit-forming as morphine. Today, doctors in Canada and the United States are not permitted to prescribe heroin for patients.

Again, about twenty years ago, a synthetic narcotic called Demerol made its debut. It was described as effective and harmless. Yet, within a year, there were hundreds of Demerol addicts. The same thing happened with another synthetic narcotic, Methadone. Today, the drug addict who can't obtain a supply of heroin will turn to Methadone or Demerol as his second choice.

APART FROM ADDICTION, ARE THERE OTHER DANGERS IN THE NEW DRUGS?

I think the indiscriminate use of the new mood-altering pills is tending to make us psychologically flabby. We seem to be growing less and less able to live with the normal tensions and anxieties encountered in life. We try to escape by taking pills.

I believe that some of the new drugs — like tranquilizers — are responsible for many car accidents. Overdosage affects co-ordination and alertness. This soporific effect can be fatal when you're driving a 300-horsepower vehicle, capable of great speeds, in heavy traffic.

Some pilots may take tranquilizers to calm their nerves. I attended a professional meeting where the wives of jet pilots and the pilots themselves were warned that even a single tranquilizer pill taken by the pilot of a jet aircraft could cause a tragedy.

WHAT MEASURES SHOULD BE TAKEN TO MEET THE MENACE OF THE NEW ADDICTIONS?

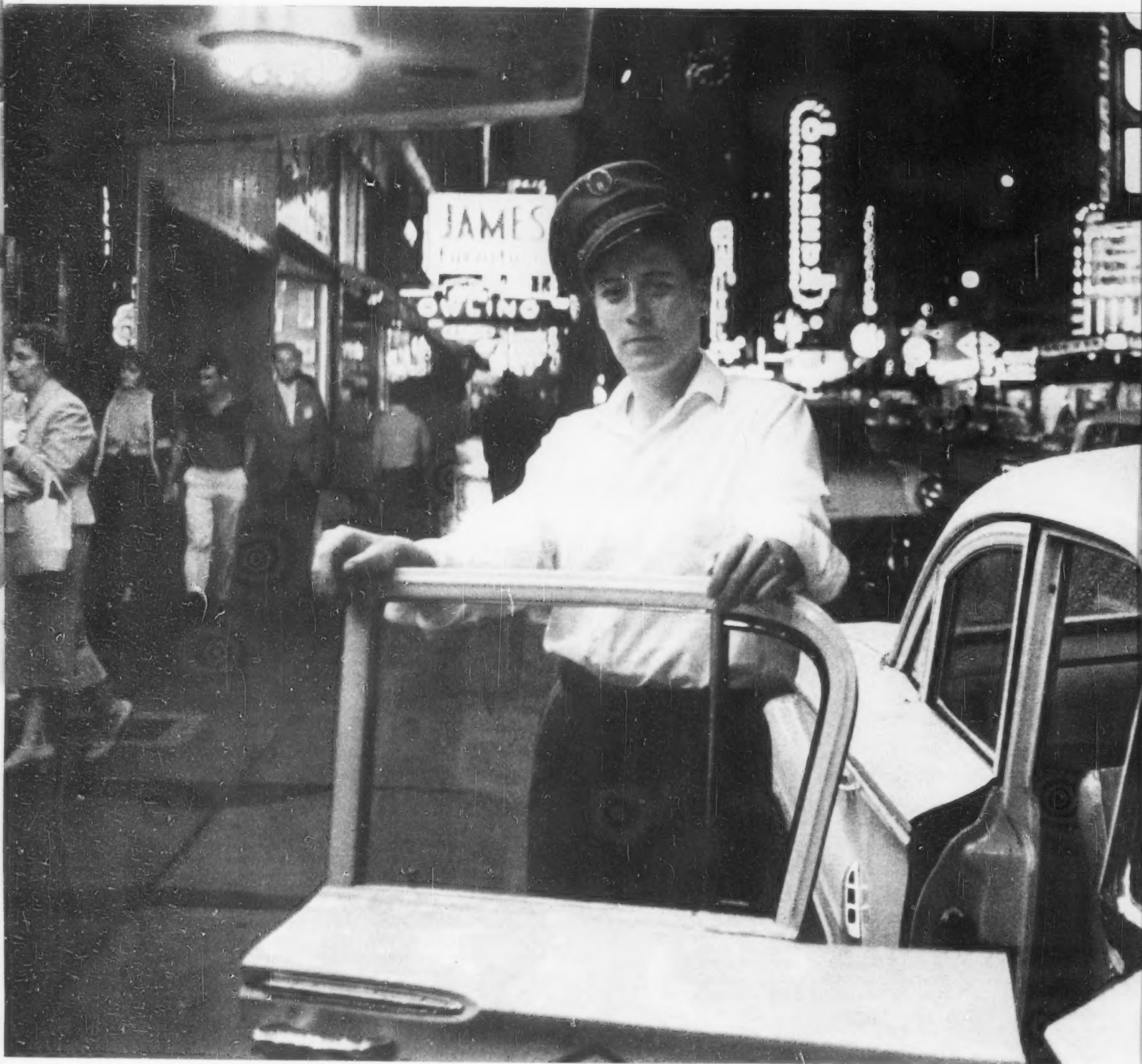
There is an urgent need for research in the field of addiction, to find answers to the unknowns, some of which I've mentioned earlier.

The medical profession and the public should be educated about the indiscriminate use of seemingly innocent pills and medicines.

All new drugs capable of depressing or stimulating the central nervous system should be placed on the prescription list.

Regulations pertaining to the distribution and sales of prescription drugs should be rigorously enforced.

There may be wisdom in having a government agency regulate the volume of habit-forming drugs manufactured by the pharmaceutical industry. An excess of drugs in circulation is an open invitation to over-consumption. ★



Janet Robinson, one of the twenty-five woman drivers among Vancouver's six hundred cabbies, stops for a fare outside a Granville Street theatre.

Driving a hack is no life for a lady

But if a girl doesn't mind dealing with drunks, crooks, oddballs and chiselers, and occasionally being slugged and robbed herself, it's a lot more fun than working at a desk

By JANET ROBINSON as told to RAY GARDNER



FOR ELEVEN YEARS I've been driving taxi in Vancouver and, I discovered long ago, the only predictable and monotonous thing about my job is the tick of the meter and *that*, of course, is music to my ears.

It's fascinating work because anything can happen in a taxi: I've had a man die in my cab (from a heart attack) and I've come close to having a child born there. No two days are ever cut to the same pattern. Once in my cab I'm in a world of my own—a world that is slightly off its axis and whirling in a wonderfully eccentric orbit.

It's the people who make it that way. I remember one day when my first fare was a dear little old lady, a visitor from Australia, who had heard there was a penitentiary nearby and wanted to be

driven by it. "I've always wanted to see one," she explained. So I drove her twelve miles to the B. C. Penitentiary. All the while she was busily crocheting, but as we approached the pen she stopped, shuddered, and said, "My, it is properly grim, isn't it? I don't like it at all. Please drive faster." That brief glimpse of our most unlikely tourist attraction cost her eleven dollars—and a set of crocheted doilies she later sent me as a tip.

My next passenger that day happened to be a man who is now doing a ten-year stretch in that same institution—a key figure in Vancouver's narcotics racket. At the time I picked him up he was limping from a bullet wound in the groin; a few days earlier, gunmen from a rival syndicate had taken him for a ride in Stanley Park and botched

the job. He became one of my regular customers, an association that ended only when he was clamped in the pen. He tipped well but he had a habit I found unnerving: he'd always lock the doors of my cab because, as he explained, he was afraid his enemies might catch us at a red light, jump in the car, and take him (and probably me) for that longest of all possible rides.

I've driven crooks of every description, including a couple of young hoods who even as I drove them were stalking their victim: me. They robbed me of my money—\$11.85—and my cab. I've driven maniacs, celebrities, drug addicts, call girls (though I refuse to be a go-between for them), and drunks by the carload. I've been slugged by one passenger—a drunken woman—and I once walloped a male passenger so hard I knocked him colder than a clam.

I've sent one deadbeat to jail for chiseling me out of my fare but lots of times I've helped people by paying the fare myself. I can boast of having driven one of the last of the big-time spenders, a logger who, at first, tried to pay his \$1.85 fare with a thousand-dollar bill and then finally tossed me a hundred-dollar note and told me to keep the change. (I'd taken him to a liquor store where he bought a bottle of wine for \$1.05.)

As chauffeur to the multitude I drive seven thousand to nine thousand people a year—and often see them at their worst. The back seat of my hack has been the arena for countless domestic squabbles, including one battle royal that ended when the husband opened the door, when we were doing thirty, and tossed his wife out on the street. We went back for her, found her uninjured, and the husband slipped me ten dollars to forget about it.

Although women cab drivers are not a rarity (about twenty-five of Vancouver's six hundred cabbies are women) many of my passengers still seem surprised to find a woman at the wheel of a taxi. The women especially are intrigued. "Isn't this a rough business for a woman? Aren't you afraid?" they ask.

"Well," I tell them, "this isn't exactly the cloistered life," and, "Yes, I sometimes am afraid, even terrified."

What's really on their mind is this: Do men make passes at women who drive taxis? Sometimes they do, but I can usually fix that simply by stopping the cab, climbing out, and standing up. I'm almost six feet tall and I look pretty capable. In fact, the one man I knocked cold when he persisted in making passes would probably tell you I *am* capable.

I've found that whether you're driving cab or walking down the street, even the brashest Romeo isn't likely to press his point unless he's encouraged. "Act like a lady, be treated like a lady" is my maxim—and it works.

I make it a rule never to go into a hotel room or a house to collect my fare from a man. Not long ago, in Vancouver, another woman cabbie was lured into a house by a man and, even though she herself was a judo expert, she was almost beaten to death. She eventually escaped and, later, the man was caught and sentenced to seven years.

My one moment of sheer terror came the night I was robbed. I picked up two young men at about 3 a.m. and they asked to be driven around Stanley Park. Now no cab driver in his right mind would swallow that bait, but they seemed such *nice* boys and the fare was so tempting I fell for it. We were deep in the park when one of them reached over and pulled the keys out of the ignition and, with his other hand, grabbed my radio microphone so I couldn't call for help.

"We want your money and we want your car," one of them said. I gave them the money, carefully counting it out as though I were paying a bill. It came to exactly \$11.85. They had pulled no gun on me, yet all the time I kept thinking about the two cab drivers who had been murdered in Vancouver in recent years—one of them by a gunman who got about the same amount of loot (\$12) as I was then doling out. I must have been in a state of shock because, in spite of this, when the robbers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



The mountain (red square, above left) on which George Podolsky and his three companions crashed, the remains of their DC-3 (upper right), and a map of the area.

Why they named a mountain after George Podolsky

Because he kept three men alive for four days when their plane crashed in the frozen desert of Baffin Island

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ALTHOUGH NOBODY is apt to visit it, there is a 2,900-foot mountain on the north tip of Baffin Island named Mount Podolsky. It is about four hundred miles above the Arctic Circle, covered by a permanent snowcap and surrounded, as far as the eye can see, by a barren, fissured, eroded land of rock, ice and snow. About sixty miles from Mount Podolsky, on Admiralty Inlet, is a trading post. A hundred miles in the other direction is a sparse settlement that includes a detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. There is nothing else within four hundred miles, and not much else on the whole expanse of Baffin Island, which stretches nine hundred and fifty miles in a southeasterly direction.

Mount Podolsky was named for George Podolsky, a quiet, big-framed young Canadian geophysicist of twenty-eight who wears heavy black-rimmed glasses low on his nose and looks a bit like a scholarly sparring partner. The mountain was named after him because if it hadn't been for him, it is almost certain that three men would have died there. I saw Podolsky in the Empire Hotel in Timmins, Ontario, where the mining development company for which he works has a field office. He was wearing faded khaki shirt and slacks and reminded me a



Podolsky (upper left) is transferred to an ambulance in Montreal. Also on their way to hospital are the co-pilot, Ben Simard (above); the pilot, Bob Hamilton (far left), and Ken Darke, the second passenger.

bit of Ingemar Johansson as he crossed the pin-wheel-patterned red carpet of the hotel lobby. It was in this same lobby, a few days later, after I had talked to him and others involved in his adventure, that he told me thoughtfully, reaching carefully for words:

"I wouldn't jump in to save anyone from drowning. I can't swim. It wouldn't do anybody any good. But it would have been inconceivable for anyone not to have done what I did on Baffin Island. Anyone would have done the same thing."

No doubt this is generally true. But rather than take away any merit from Podolsky, it adds to the credit of all men. It proves that in an emergency, a seemingly ordinary man is often capable of conducting himself with reason, patience, courage and dogged, untheatrical decency: in fact, heroically.

In 1958 Podolsky's company decided to chart mineral prospects around a peninsula on Baffin. A party of seven, with photographic and electronic equipment, two disassembled helicopters and three months' food supplies, was flown, in two chartered Wheeler Airlines planes, from Montreal to Foxe Main, a government defense station on Melville Peninsula of the Arctic mainland.

George Podolsky arrived at Foxe Main on the second flight, at noon on May 13. Two members of the party had already made one trip to the site chosen for the camp, a small lake just south of Strathcona Sound, in another chartered Wheeler aircraft, a DC-3. They had landed with a supply of fuel oil. There was fog and cloud almost down to the deck and the Wheeler pilot, Bob Hamilton, a rather stout, cheerful married man of forty who lived in Dorval, outside Montreal, had dropped down through a hole scarcely big enough to bank in. It was a tricky business, as this was uncharted ground.

The next day there was still heavy fog and low clouds, but the weather started to clear around eleven o'clock. Podolsky and Ken Darke, one of the men

who had flown in the previous day, a quick, intense, fine-drawn young geologist in his mid-twenties, took off for the campsite, this time with a full cargo, in the DC-3 that had been used the previous day. The plane was again flown by Hamilton. The co-pilot was a younger, more withdrawn man, a former RCAF jet pilot named Ben Simard.

The DC-3 is a two-engine workhorse with the characteristic porpoise-like snout of the Douglas airframe which, instead of resting high-tailed and level with the ground as do more recent designs, sits with its nose pointed skyward and its tail dragging, so that when it's on the ground, it's necessary to climb up a steeply slanting aisle to the cockpit. But there was no aisle this day, as the plane was loaded to within three feet of the roof with stacks of lumber, a big wood stove converted to an oil burner, a forty-five-gallon drum of cooking utensils, several ten-gallon drums of naphtha, crates of emergency ration kits, tents, cots, bedding, food supplies, tarpaulins, camp stoves and shovels.

After the plane crossed Fury and Hecla Straits between Melville Peninsula and Baffin Island, there was more cloud. Podolsky, sitting in the tail of the plane in the double seat that had been left in the cargo ship, his feet propped against some cases, found the trip boring. He ate some sandwiches and fell asleep. Darke had crawled up over the load to the nose of the plane and stood behind the pilot and co-pilot, a map in his hand. Although this was May, the land, wherever it could be seen through a break in the clouds, presented a scene of total winter.

About fifty or sixty miles from their destination, when the pilot started his letdown, there was complete cloud cover. When Darke began to notice the altimeter they were at 3,800 feet. At 3,500 they were in cloud. The windshield wipers were going, clearing away sleet. Darke watched the altimeter drop to 3,200 feet. Then there was a faint bump. It felt as if they had been in a fast-moving car that had

run over a rock in the road. What happened during that bump, it was discovered later, was that the plane had lost both her propellers, lost a ski-wheel and ruptured a wing tank. The plane caught fire. When Darke casually looked back through the plane one whole side was a sheet of flame, casting an eerie light on the cargo. They had hit the ground and skipped like a fast ground ball traveling down the infield.

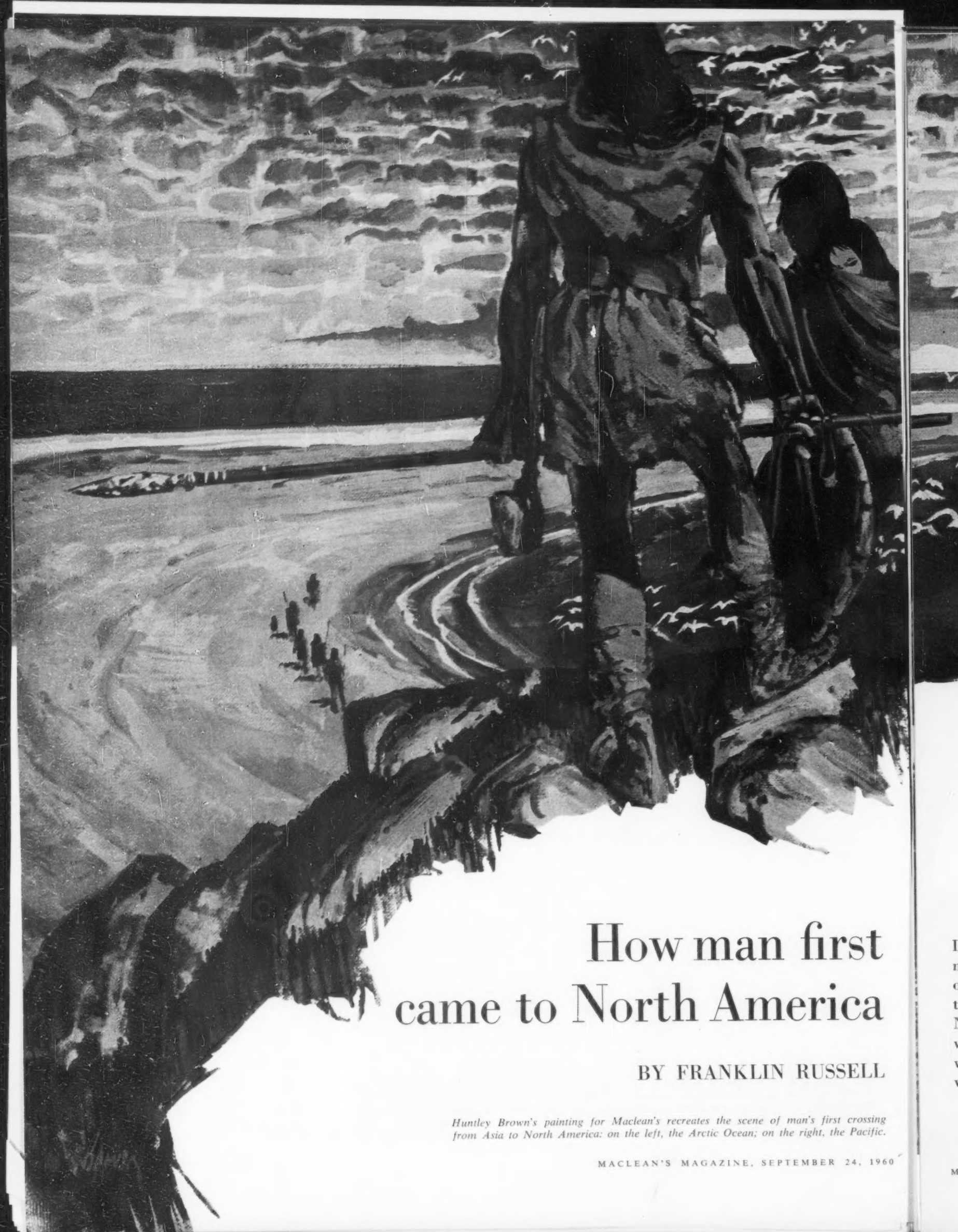
Hamilton opened up both engines, which, although he didn't know it, had no propellers. The plane rolled to the left. Hamilton pulled the wheel back into his chest and crammed his right leg hard on the rudder. There was nothing to see outside, as eleven tons of plane and cargo soared at the top of its bounce. Podolsky still slept in the back.

"All I can remember," he says, "is being awakened by a loud metallic crunching sound and being jolted. The next thing I remember was tearing at something on my head, probably my parka hood, trying to get it off. I couldn't see and I felt as if I were coming out of a dream."

He began to crawl over something sharp, noticed that it was very hot and stood up. He had been thrown outside the plane. He stood on top of what was to become Mount Podolsky. It was as if he were suspended in a luminous white cloud. There was no horizon and no visible sun, yet it was a blindingly bright world with no boundaries and no objects except the wreck. The detached tail section of the DC-3, where he had been sitting, was an oval of fire. The fuselage was upside down, ripped from end to end like a gutted fish, and burning. Cargo was strewn everywhere. Only now did Podolsky begin to realize that the plane had crashed, and as he looked into the flaming interior of the tail, he thought, he says: "Well, I'm in hell."

He noticed a sleeping bag lying beside him, picked it up and threw it away from the plane, then threw his parka on top of it and headed toward the cabin. His feet were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

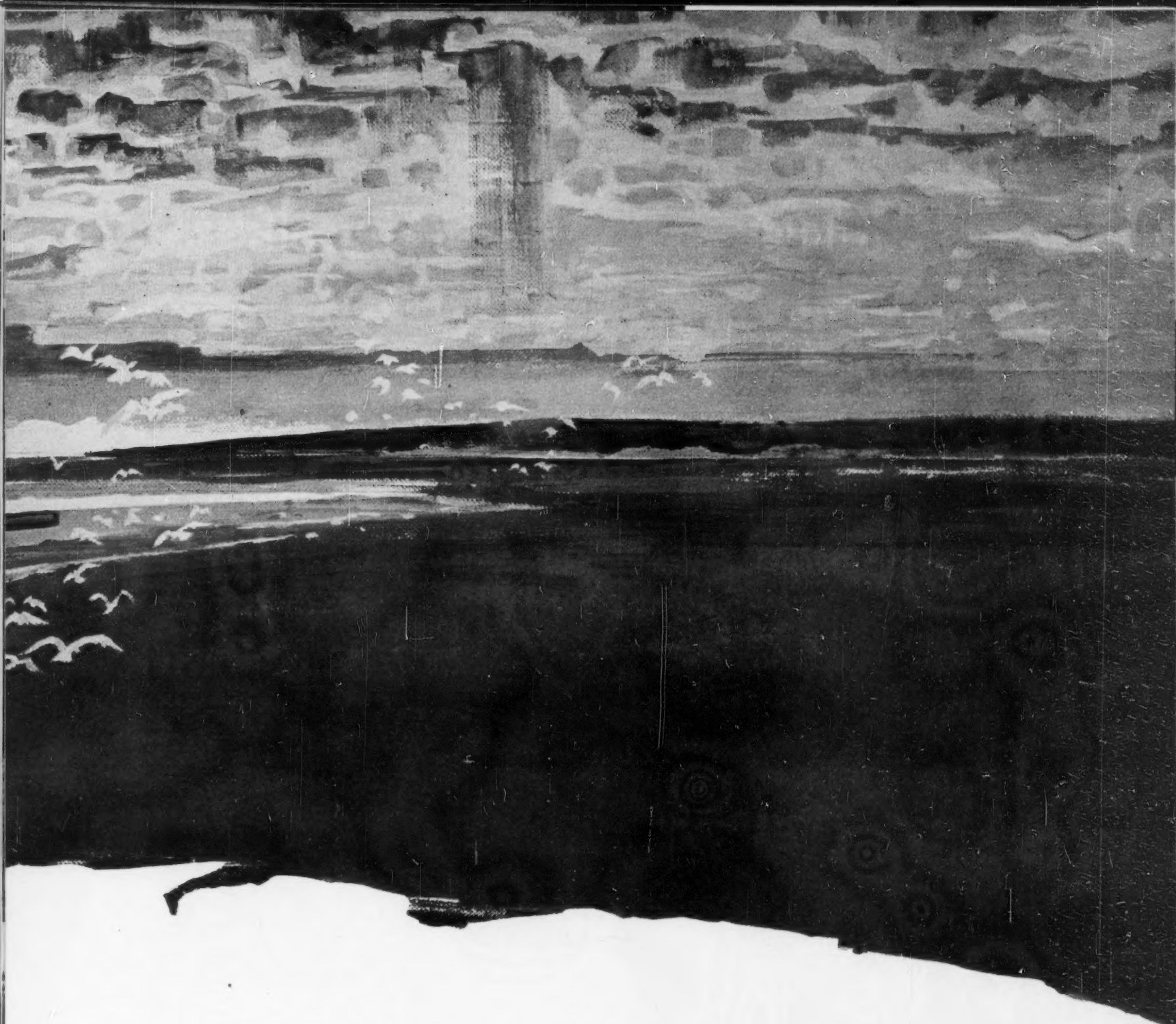


How man first came to North America

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Huntley Brown's painting for Maclean's recreates the scene of man's first crossing from Asia to North America: on the left, the Arctic Ocean; on the right, the Pacific.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 24, 1960



It's no longer a guess—
now we know. Discoveries
of the past few years
tell who the earliest
North Americans were,
where they came from,
what they wore, even
what they looked like

MORE than 25,000 years ago, a band of olive-skinned people, sturdily built with black, straight hair and dark brown eyes, trekked across the wide strip of tundra that then joined the North American continent to Asia. They were lightly dressed in caribou skins and carried flint-tipped spears. On their right was the Pacific, to their left, the Arctic Ocean. Ahead, they could see low foothills and the beginning of the vast tundra in what we now call Alaska.

They were the first men to arrive in North America. Until recently, these facts — what the men looked like and when they came — were not known. But now, because of a series of important archaeological discoveries, most of them in the last dozen years, science is able to reconstruct their arrival with more and more precision.

There are still, of course, some parts of the picture to fit in. The estimate of when they arrived may be out by as much as 10,000 years. But, as Dr. Richard MacNeish, the senior archaeologist of the National Museum in Ottawa, said recently: "It will not be too long before we have a pretty clear picture of North American pre-history."

When this clear picture is established, it will

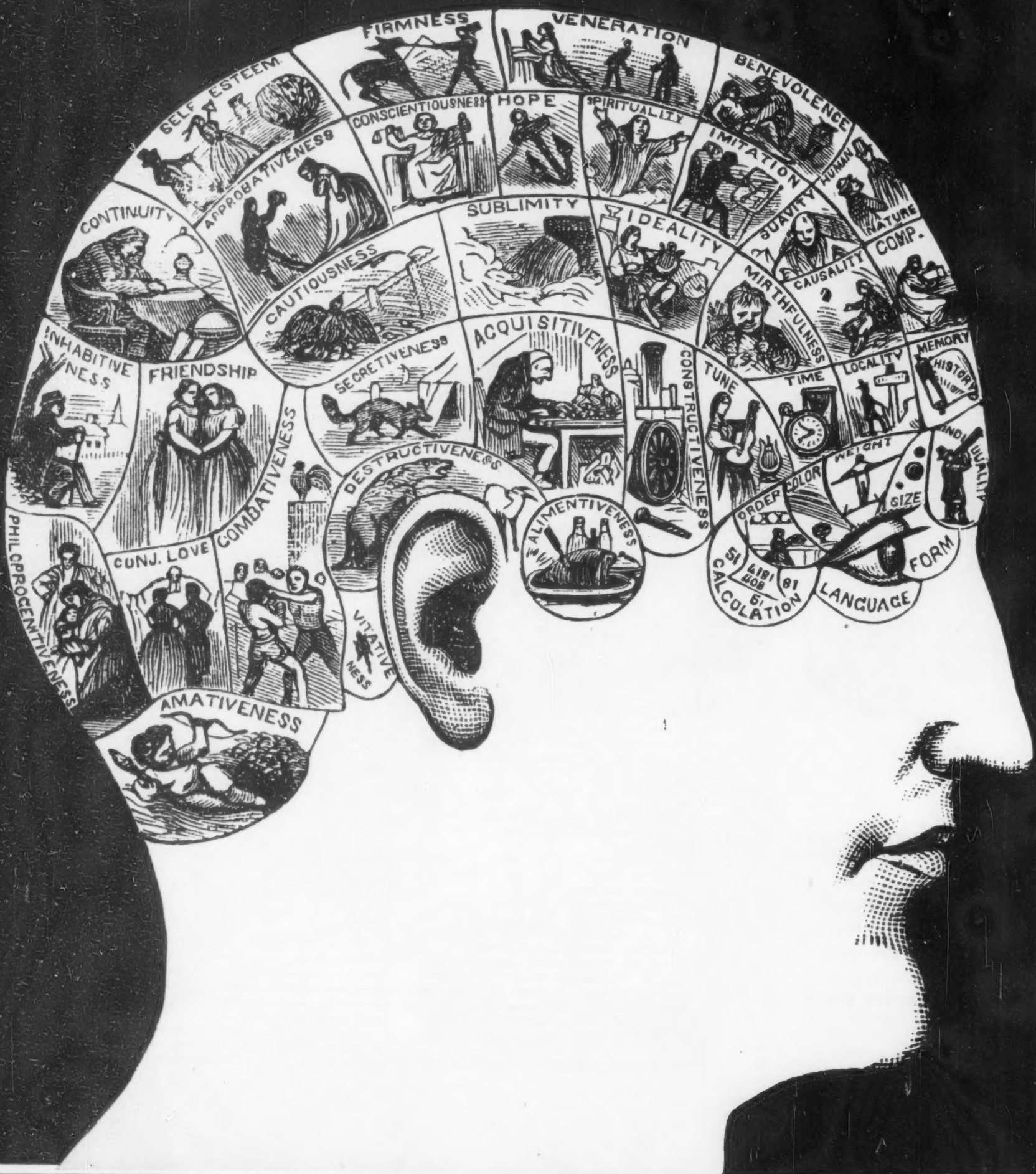
mark the end of more than four centuries of speculation about early man in America. Already, knowledge has squelched several competing theories: that early North American Indians were recent arrivals on the continent; that they were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; that they were survivors of the legendary island of Atlantis or seagoing natives from the Pacific. In tracking down early man, archaeologists are the key hunters, but working closely with them are botanists, geologists, geographers, linguists, climatologists and nuclear physicists. Botanists can tell by analyzing pollen found with traces of early man what sort of plants and trees were growing during his lifetime. Some linguists, studying the Athapaskan Indian language, have found points of relation between it and Chinese. Nuclear physicists can measure, by the carbon-14 process, the deterioration of carbon molecules in any previously living tissue, such as wood or bone, and determine when the material was alive. The process is fairly accurate back 50,000 years.

It is exciting work, often done under incredibly taxing conditions. MacNeish and archaeologist Gordon Lowther,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

"Know

Thyself."





The "professor" above is reading a client's head for the bumps in the foolproof chart at the left. Foolproof? Well, it's not so long since queens, prime ministers and credit managers agreed that

PHRENOLOGY

HAD ALL THE ANSWERS

WHEN THE FAMOUS American illustrator, James Montgomery Flagg, said, "Any young couple contemplating matrimony should have their heads read," he wasn't being flippant. He was dead serious. For Flagg was an amateur phrenologist, and he was speaking during the heyday of phrenology, a "science" that commanded the confidence of millions of people in North America and Europe between 1800 and 1930. Hundreds of professional phrenologists, all using the title "professor," found themselves in lucrative, lifelong jobs by doing little more than feeling the bumps on their clients' heads. It was implicitly believed that these bumps, by their prominence and position, revealed a person's intellectual and emotional capacities. They showed the strengths and weaknesses of the mind and character. The phrenologist was the vocational guidance expert, the psychologist, and the marriage counselor rolled into one, with an added dash of Norman Vincent Peale and Dale Carnegie.

Phrenologists believed that the qualities of love, understanding, tolerance and devotion to home life were shown by a head well rounded and full at the back. People whose heads sloped sharply upward at the back were poor marriage risks.

For every professional phrenologist there were a score of dedicated amateurs. Norman Elder, a

Toronto manufacturer, was an amateur. As late as the 1930s he was basing his customers' credit ratings on the shape of their heads, and losing thousands of dollars. His son Robert, who now runs the business, says, "Dad would listen to a hard-luck yarn, look carefully at the customer's head, and if he was satisfied with what he saw let him go. Then he would say to me, 'That fellow is honest; did you notice that slight protuberance between the ear and the forehead? He'll be back with the money.' All too often we never saw him or his money again. It was a costly hobby." When Robert brought his future wife home, his father cut through the introductions and made a grab for her head. After a few minutes of careful pawing he announced, "She'll do."

"Dad was right that time," Elder says.

Three Canadian prime ministers, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, and Alexander Mackenzie, submitted their heads to the phrenologist's revealing touch. A few brief reports by the men who examined our early leaders can be dredged from old copies of the Canadian Phrenological Magazine and other texts. A Canadian phrenologist, Francis Cavanagh, after examining Sir John Thompson's head, reported: "He has the ability to make quick decisions which are usually right. Leadership is pronounced. He would be impatient

with trivia or stupidity, and his reasoning powers are remarkable." Another Canadian "professor," William Seymour, read Sir John A's head and reported: "His constructive faculties (sides of the forehead well rounded out) are well developed. His head is larger than most men's; Sir John has enormous perceptive development and his intuition is strong. He is lacking in self esteem." William Walls, a touring British phrenologist, was given a fling at Alexander Mackenzie during a visit to Canada in the 1850s. He found: "good reasoning ability, with humor and combativeness in equal prominence. His honesty is pronounced; but he is not a quick observer and is lacking in the perceptive faculties."

A British phrenologist, Mrs. Stacpoole O'Dell, was summoned in 1874 to read the heads of Queen Victoria's children. When Winston Churchill was a boy his mother took him to Millott Severn for a reading, which revealed that the young Churchill was fond of springing surprises, and had the gift of getting his own way while allowing his opponents to think they were having theirs. (Phrenological findings, as these examples suggest, had a lot in common with the fortunes on weighing-machine tickets — they're ambiguous enough to fit most personalities.)

Thomas Edison, Sir CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

A Maclean's Flashback by FRANK CROFT

The life of Alexander Graham Bell

Third of four parts

*Skepticism dogged Bell's efforts to finance the telephone.
Mark Twain turned him down.
Publisher and politician George Brown was fainthearted.
Then came the day when
the Emperor of Brazil said, "My God, it talks!"*

The fortune nobody wanted to make

By Thomas B. Costain



Bell in 1876

NOT LONG AFTER the day early in June 1875 when Alexander Graham Bell and his assistant, Thomas Watson, first sent "voice-shaped undulations" over a wire, Bell was back at the family home in Brantford, Ont. Although he had so recently taken the first giant step toward the realization of a dream of many years' standing — the transmission of the human voice over wires — he appears to have done little experimental work on the telephone during that summer and autumn.

Indeed, by his own account, Bell actually pondered during that summer whether to give up working on his electrical inventions and return to earning a living as a teacher of the deaf. That and other problems that weighed on his mind at Brantford in 1875 — ill health and lack of money — were graphically summarized in Bell's own words, in evidence he gave in 1887 in suits entered for the canceling of the Bell patents:

"I must direct attention to my pecuniary condition in the summer of 1875, when I went to the home of my parents in Canada to recruit my health. During the year 1875 I had devoted my time to my electrical researches, to the neglect of the professional work upon which I was dependent for support. My associates, Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard, although they had agreed to pay the expenses of the construction of my experimental apparatus, had made no provision to pay me for my time. When my professional work (the classes he maintained) had become disorganized, I could of course have made arrangements for my support with Messrs. Sanders and Hubbard; but on account of the delicate relations that began to arise between myself and Mr. Hubbard, I was unwilling to ask for any assistance.

"The delicate relations to which I allude will be understood when I say that Mr. Hubbard's daughter is now my wife. At the time I left for Canada in the summer of 1875 my health had given out, and my professional work also, and during that summer vacation it became a matter for serious consideration what I should do in the future. I desired to place myself in such a position that I should be able to marry. On the one hand I knew that if I devoted myself to my professional work, it was capable of yielding me an income; and, on the other hand, I believed that if I devoted my attention exclusively to my electrical inventions, they would bring me in a fortune."

Graham Bell was always hard-pressed for funds. One day in 1875 he paid a call at the shop of James P. Excell, one of Brantford's most colorful residents. Excell ran a tavern, in front of which he kept a shop for the repair of umbrellas, the making of keys and kindred activities. He gave Bell a friendly nod, noticing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

"I invented the telephone in Brantford in 1874"

WHERE WAS the telephone invented? I interviewed Alexander Graham Bell on the morning of Friday, March 9, 1906. The city of Brantford had planned a banquet in his honor. I was a reporter on the Expositor and so, notebook in hand, I was in the lobby of the Kerby House as soon as he had finished his breakfast. He came down at once, a striking figure with luxuriant white whiskers and hair. I asked him the important question. Where was the telephone invented?

He smiled at me in the most friendly way. "I am going to tell the whole story at the dinner tonight," he said. "Will you be content with this much now? I invented the telephone in Brantford in the year 1874."

In the course of the address he delivered that evening, he said: "I have often been asked if Brantford is the home of the telephone. All I know is that the telephone was born where I was. Half my time I was in Boston and half of the time in Brantford. This I will say: 'The telephone was invented here.'"

Of all the public statements Bell made on the subject, this seems the most direct, the most fair, and the most convincing.

I have never heard at what point he withdrew completely from the never-ending research that perfected the telephone. He made it clear, however, in 1906, that he was deep in the problems of flight. This was another phase of the pure scientist in him. When one task had been completed, he was

not content to rest on his oars.

Consider the accomplishments to his credit after his work on the telephone had been completed:

- He developed two new breeds of sheep;
- He was co-inventor of the aileron;
- He experimented with an X-ray device;
- He invented the action comic strip;
- He invented a system of air conditioning;
- He invented an electrical probe for surgeons;
- He invented the wax-disc phonograph record;
- He suggested the iron lung;
- He developed the fastest motorboat in the world for its time;

- He suggested an echo device for measuring the depth of water;
- He suggested the method of using radium in deep-seated cancer;
- He predicted air power would be the key to world supremacy;
- He suggested a sound detector for locating icebergs;
- He invented a method of transmitting speech and sounds over a beam of light;
- He invented a device to take husks from wheat before grinding;
- He invented a method of changing sea water into drinking water.

It is clear that he spent the rest of his life in continuous activity and that his imaginative powers were never at rest. ★

Tobin Rote, high-priced quarterback of the Toronto Argonauts, sits removed from his team-mates where he can confer directly on strategy with the coach.



The violent chess player

For the 1960 quarterback it's not enough to be able to pass, run and buck the line. He also has to think

BY TRENT FRAYNE

FOOTBALL HAS BEEN called chess with violence, but as the description applies to eleven of the twelve players, it doesn't stand much scrutiny; they do what they're told — violently, all right, but with more instinct than thought. As for the twelfth, the quarterback, football does have points in common with chess. How many, and how much they have in common, depends on the quarterback and his coach.

Coaches map over-all strategy with their quarterbacks in long evening huddles over movies of the next opponent. But on weekends, when the boys begin knocking each other glassy-eyed in the playpens of the Western Conference and the Big Four, the decisions that influence the outcome of the game are decisions made by the quarterback — with occasional assists from the coach on the sidelines. This responsibility, added to the fact that the quarterback does ninety-nine percent of the passing and handles the ball on almost every play when he's not going to pass, makes him the most interesting player and the most conspicuous figure in football.

While the quarterback was once, a few decades ago, a vague conveyor belt that took the ball from a hatless hulk playing centre and handed it around to his peers in the backfield

as they pounded into the line, he is now, in 1960, the vital, multi-purpose key to his team's fortunes. Indeed, there is very little that the quarterback does not do, except play tackle, and some quarterbacks are so versatile that they could probably do that. Frank (Pop) Ivy, a tremendously successful coach at Edmonton, used to say he was convinced his quarterback, Jackie Parker, *could* play tackle, although Parker was so preoccupied as a quarterback, halfback, defensive back, field-goal kicker and part-time punter that he never got around to it.

The quarterback has attained an eminence matched by few other professional athletes in this country. Certainly there is no other job in the world of games-for-money that places so many demands on a player or brings him so much hysterical adulation if he does his job well. The giddy pinnacle, of course, was reached a few years ago when the capital of Saskatchewan was named for its football team's quarterback, Glenn Dobbs. Mail addressed to Dobberville was duly delivered in Regina and some of the nuttier citizens attached that label to the license plates of their automobiles.

More recently a couple of westerners have been taken to the bosom of the populace, though with somewhat more restraint than was

exhibited in Saskatchewan. One of them is Joe Kapp, a Californian who found his way unheralded to Calgary last year at a moment when the wounds annually being inflicted upon the Stampeders box-office were growing nearly mortal. As large as a small steer, and as care-free, Kapp plays the game with rich abandon, throws strikes, runs like a footloose caboose, and gambles on anything, even third down with twelve to go. His flair has ignited the cow country.

Across the mountains there is Randy Duncan, a different glass of red-eye. A Rose Bowl hero, an All-American at Iowa in 1958, Duncan declined to play in the National Football League in his native land and moved instead to Vancouver, apparently for mere money. There, he was accepted with the quiet dignity usually accorded people like Elvis Presley or Marilyn Monroe. But, unlike Kapp, Duncan turned out to be considerably less exciting than his notices. He handled the ball expertly and was a precise and thoughtful field general but he showed no disposition to run with the ball when there was no place to throw it. The defensive halfbacks began to back off on him and intercept his passes, giving him the league leadership in that graceless depart- CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Phillips strolls in the Zócalo, the centre of the business district of the Mexican capital; the National Pawnshop is the background. Below, he samples the Polynesian delights of the Mauna Loa restaurant.



HOLIDAY WEEKEND IN MEXICO CITY

ALAN PHILLIPS feasted his eyes, his palate, and his nose in the storied capital of Mexico — where you can encircle yourself with opulence for the lowest prices in any big city on this continent

"It's the most romantic city in America," the travel agent told me, "three hundred years older than Quebec, more sophisticated than New York. It has inns as beguiling as London's, a better climate than Cannes, a nightlife as gay as Havana's, more luxury hotels than Miami. It's the biggest travel bargain on the continent — 6½ hours and \$200 return, CPA, from Toronto."

And so I found myself in Mexico City.

As a seasoned traveler I came equipped with the Spanish word for the men's room; besides, I am naturally fluent with both hands. I'd scanned a dozen guidebooks. I'd visited Juan Buendia in Toronto, the affable young director of the Mexican Tourist Bureau. "Mexico City," he'd said, handing me three more guidebooks, "is a city of surprises."

Surprise or novelty is, of course, the main pleasure in new places. I therefore recommend the guidebooks. They inform you that Mexico City is cheap and expensive, that its architecture is bold and insipid, that its 4,500,000 people are peaceful and violent. Such knowledge, enlarging one's area of ignorance, makes one more susceptible to surprise.

I'd expected something like Banff on a large

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ANDERSON

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 24, 1960



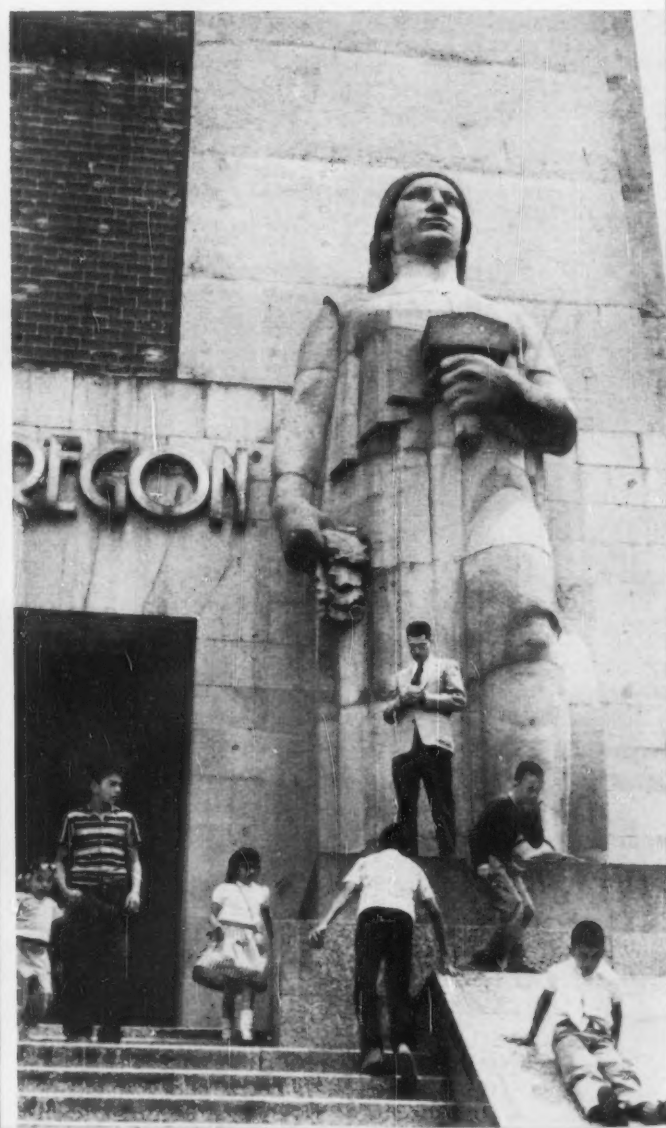
Phillips (under a sombrero) and Tony Vaughan, manager of the Mexican Folklore Centre, are entertained by comedians at the centre. Below, in the floating gardens of Xochimilco, Phillips saw a cross-section of Mexican life.



Holiday weekend in MEXICO CITY
continued



A child offers Phillips a bunch of violets at the floating gardens. Below, left, the singer at a hotel nightclub musses the author's hair as he dances with the assistant manager.



The cathedral in modern Mexico City. Alvarado statue in Mexico City.



The cathedral (above), the oldest in North America, contrasts sharply with some of the examples of modern architecture found in Mexico City: the monument to Alvaro Obregón, a revolutionary leader (left), and the murals of University City (upper right). In front are Francis Beattie, a student from Hamilton, Ont., Phillips and a Mexican guide.

scale, a city ringed close by mountains, for I'd read that two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, brooded over the capital, dominating it. But our plane came down on a brown dry plateau as flat as a cornmeal tortilla. The mountains were there, 30 to 50 miles distant, but you'd need a very clear day to feel dominated.

We disembarked in the pleasantly tropical late afternoon and I asked the elegant Mexican in the camel's-hair coat beside me if he could tell me the city's best restaurant. "Mauna Loa, for exotic food," he said with languid *hauteur*.

Obviously further questioning would overtax his strength. Besides I was busy persuading myself that I was actually here, a disquieting air-age problem for which, I am happy to report, Mexico has the answer.

As we entered the spacious glass-walled modern airport, a white-coated waiter thrust a Daiquiri at me. I thrust it back; I had no Mexican money. "Libre, libre," he said. I thumbed my dictionary. Libre means free. I realized at once that I was no longer in Canada.

My next surprise was aural. "Señor Fee-leeps," blared the loudspeaker, "Report to Immigration."

I did, on the off chance that Fee-leeps was me, and found that I had been met by a Señor Horacio MacAlpin, tall, brisk and hawkfaced. He looked unlike any Mexican I had ever seen in the movies. In fact he looked like a Scot, which his great-grandfather was, and his Mexican accent seemed an affectation. He was a tourist department offi-

cial, clearly a man of authority, for he had my tourist card stamped and my baggage okayed and into his car before I could savor fully the lifted eyebrows of my languid friend, who waited impatiently in line.

MacAlpin sped down an avenue, past raw suburbs, mostly apartments, past old walled buildings incongruously crowding glass-and-chrome display rooms, into the swarming turbulence of the city. On the narrow streets small sidewalk stalls sold dubious drinks, exotic fruits, housewares, clothing, and hot meats wrapped in tortillas, the omnipresent Mexican staff of life. Each salesman shouted his wares. It was one continuous bazaar, colorful, noisy and stepped in the smell of fried corn.

On every side, vignettes: a potter shaping clay, a black-swathed crone with garlands of live red and green hens round her waist and neck; a man in what looked like pyjamas threading traffic on a bicycle miraculously balancing a basket of buns on his head.

"Many things are as they were in 1325 when the Aztecs founded the city," MacAlpin said. "Our people are poor. After oil and mining, tourists are Mexico's biggest industry."

We pulled up across from Alameda Park in the heart of the city and two bellboys descended on us from a low and dingy edifice whose ancient stones rose flush from a shabby street labelled Hidalgo. Beneath its carved-stone entrance arch an electric-blue neon sign proclaimed Hotel de Cortés. This was the beguiling inn Buendia had

recommended. My heart sank. "One of the finest examples left of colonial architecture," MacAlpin said proudly. "Once a monastery. Cortés, who conquered the Aztecs in 1521 met his only defeat on this street. We called it once the Street of the Sad Night."

I could see several more sad nights coming up. I thanked MacAlpin and followed my bags. I found myself in a charming courtyard. Tables shaded with gay umbrellas encircled a central fountain. Vines and flowers splashed the stones with color. The rooms opened off the courtyard. Between mine and a Sheraton hotel room the only difference was \$3. In my favor. My heart lifted.

The shower taps were marked C and H. I turned on H and leaped clear before I froze. I looked up the word for cold. Frio. That didn't help a bit. I tried C. It was hot.

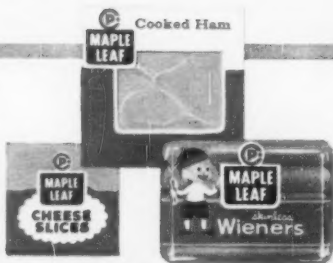
Picking up the phone I informed the desk clerk that my taps had been switched. He let me in on the mystery of Mexican plumbing. All the fixtures are shipped in from the States. Every Mexican plumber knows that C means caliente or hot. He has never figured out what the Americanos mean by H but after all, there are only two taps.

In Mexico City no one who is anyone dines before nine. That gave me three hours. I bought some pesos for eight cents each and sauntered through the park. Roses grew under palm trees. Street vendors picnicked. Toddlers sold chiclets. On tiled mosaic benches twelve-year-old belles necked with teenage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Sweet and sour by Peter Whalley





GOOD THINGS TO EAT COME IN



PACKAGES



Mid-summer's night feast by Maple Leaf! Tender wieners broiled kebab-style on a sword; a variety of sliced, cooked meats on a help-yourself French stick; juicy porterhouse steak, just off the grill.

A LITTLE *Flair* GOES A LONG WAY TOWARDS MENU SUCCESS!

Canada Packers and you have a lot in common. We both know there's a lot more to good food than meets the eye—selecting, buying and preparing. But when it comes to appetite-appeal, we know that good food *must* have eye-appeal.

We go to great lengths to make every one of our "CP" packages attractive. Skilled artists and designers work together to produce packages that display our products well; make them easy for you to open and store, and most important, keep the contents fresh and pure. So look for the family of attractive packages that bear the "CP" mark—Canada Packers' pledge of finest quality—you can be sure they hold "good things to eat" for you and your family.

An easy way to serve a crowd is to prepare plenty and let them help themselves! Arrange paper plates (saves dish washing!), sharp knives, forks, all the garnish and pickles you plan to serve, on the table—then *relax* and enjoy the feast!



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In May 1960, a survey was conducted by an independent research organization. Their assignment? To find out what Canadian women consider to be the most important features in automatic washers and dryers. Here are the results... *these* are the most important features:

IN AUTOMATIC WASHERS: 1. Washability (ability to wash clothes really clean) 2. Suds and water saver 3. Servicing and guarantee 4. Automatic lint filter 5. Extra large tub capacity.

IN AUTOMATIC DRYERS: 1. Fast drying time 2. Special wash and wear cycle 3. Servicing and guarantee 4. Temperature selection 5. Air setting (to permit air fluffing of laundry).

...AND INGLIS HAS ALL THOSE FEATURES! LOOK!

WASHABILITY. "Balanced" washing action allows clothes to circulate freely (they will not tangle or snag). Even most stubborn soil is removed gently, easily. Free-Flow draining pulls soil and suds scum away from clothes (not through them) and out through 1,199 tiny openings in the tub while the clothes are in suspension.



FAST DRYING TIME. Completely automatic, Inglis dryers (electric or gas) feature a super-fast drying system. Inglis "Tempered Heat" eliminates danger of "hot spots" and scorching.



SUDS and WATER SAVER. This built-in feature pumps hot, sudsy water into laundry tub for re-use with next load. Push the SUDS button and only the *clean*, filtered water is automatically pumped back into the washer.



SPECIAL WASH'N WEAR CYCLE. Inglis system provides a final 10 minute cooling off action at room temperature—the *only* way wash'n wears can be dried without wrinkles.



AUTOMATIC LINT FILTER. The Inglis nylon brush-type filter is the most efficient ever tested. Combined with this filter is an automatic detergent dispenser.



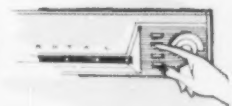
TEMPERATURE SELECTION. For each of the eight Inglis drying cycles the correct temperature is selected automatically. This eliminates guesswork, assures perfect drying conditions.



EXTRA LARGE TUB CAPACITY. Inglis one-piece porcelain enamel tub holds a 10 lb. family-size load of washing.



AIR SETTING. An Inglis dryer can be operated without heat, letting you "air-fluff" clothing, pillows, blankets, etc.

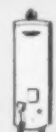


SERVICE and WARRANTY. Inglis maintains a factory-trained and supervised service organization from coast-to-coast. The Inglis warranty provides one year's protection on all parts and service labour and a five-year parts warranty on sealed-in transmission.



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VoluMetric Combustion

—a remarkable new heating development

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Even smoke detecting instruments show no contamination when the flame starts in a cold firebox—the most severe test you can make. No periodic furnace cleaning is needed.

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Another serious fuel waste in conventional firing is the loss of furnace heat up the chimney when the burner stops. CUSTOM Mark II firing traps it. It saves fuel by using the heat—feeding it into your home instead of allowing it to escape through the flue.

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Accumulation of soot and carbon on heating surfaces, electrodes, oil nozzles and controls cause 90% of your service troubles. Now you can be rid of them.

USES MUCH LESS FUEL

Smoke and soot are unburned fuel. Even a minute or two of smoky flame every time your burner starts can cost you plenty. CUSTOM Mark II firing is sparkling clean from the first split second of ignition.

NEEDS NO CHIMNEY DRAFT

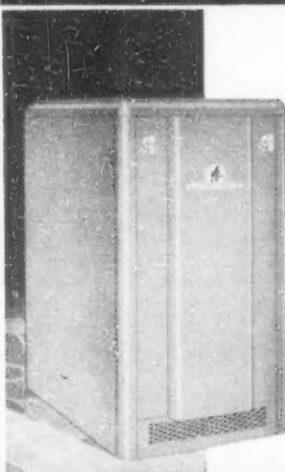
In low modern houses draft problems are a major headache due to short chimneys. CUSTOM Mark II firing needs no chimney at all—merely a vent (local codes permitting). It solves all types of draft problems.

RESULT—MORE COMFORT, LESS COST

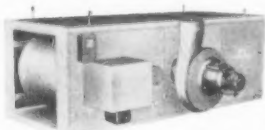
An owner in Spokane, Washington, writes us: "Even with the extra heat and comfort we now have, and with the season 10% colder than last, we used 323 gallons less oil, a saving of 31%."

CUSTOM Mark II oil furnaces

with VoluMetric Combustion

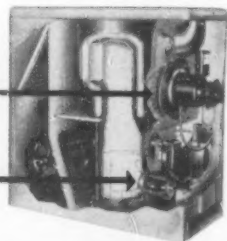


WARM
AIR
FURNACE



HORIZONTAL
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CUSTOM Mark II firing is available for all forms of warm air heating in a wide range of sizes. Since it needs no chimney, merely an exhaust vent, the horizontal furnace has many unusual applications for homes or commercial buildings. In VoluMetric Combustion oil and air are metered with precision, as in a carburetor, by the Combustion Flow fan (top arrow) and the unique fuel and air injector (bottom arrow).



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

BELLS ARE RINGING: The offbeat charm, comic sense and assorted show-business talents of Judy Holliday constitute the prime reason why Hollywood's edition of the Broadway musical is well worth seeing. Her role is that of a warm-hearted cutie in a telephone-answering service whose devotion to her clients goes far beyond the mere transmission of messages. There are some lively songs as well, and Dean Martin is an acceptable leading man as a lethargic playwright whom our girl galvanizes into action. With Fred Clark, Eddie Foy.

DOCTOR IN LOVE: This British farce has received some harsh notices in the United Kingdom but I found it a reasonably diverting item. The funniest episode involves two physicians (Michael Craig, Leslie Phillips) and a pair of stripteasers (Liz Fraser, Joan Sims), all of whom volunteer as human guinea pigs in a research unit seeking a cure for the common cold.

HELL TO ETERNITY: Though evidently based on fact, the martial exploits of the soldier hero (Jeffrey Hunter) are difficult to believe. The story, however, has some unhackneyed elements that deserve attention, including the circumstance that this GI Joe, a white American, was lovingly raised by Japanese — and couldn't forget it while on duty with Uncle Sam's Marines.

NEVER LET GO: Many fans of the Peter Sellers comedies will be jolted by this sadistic British crime melodrama, in which the versatile fellow appears as a lecherous, brutal gangster in command of a car-theft racket. Richard Todd is his most resentful victim. Rating: fair.

ONE FOOT IN HELL: Another good guy gone wrong (Alan Ladd) is the fanatically obsessed mass-murderer and bank robber in this unusual western. Ladd's limitations as an actor are painfully obvious but the story holds interest and Don Murray convincingly portrays a proud, brooding southerner who ruefully joins the conspiracy.

OPERATION BULLSHINE: A hearty but over-familiar British army farce, brimming with mechanical chuckles about sex-in-uniform. Peter Jones is quite funny as a solemn gunner whose immense earnestness disguises the fact that nothing he says makes any sense whatever.

PSYCHO: Alfred Hitchcock's latest is not his customary comedy-thriller but a gruesome horror tale with overtones of spiritualism and the padded cell, although as usual the master's tongue is occasionally in his cheek. With Anthony Perkins, Janet Leigh, Vera Miles. Rating: good.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn:

Comedy-drama. Fair.

Alive and Kicking: Comedy. Fair.

The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.

Battle of the Sexes: Comedy. Fair.

The Bellboy: Jerry Lewis farce. Poor.

Day They Robbed the Bank of England: Crime drama. Fair.

Don't Panic, Chaps: Comedy. Fair.

Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.

Flame Over India: Drama. Good.

For the Love of Mike: Boy-and-horse adventure drama. Fair.

From the Terrace: Drama. Fair.

The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.

Ice Palace: Alaska drama. Fair.

I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.

It's a Wonderful World: British musical comedy. Fair.

It Started in Naples: Comedy. Fair.

The League of Gentlemen: Comedy-thriller about perfect crime. Good.

Light Up the Sky: War comedy. Poor.

The Lost World:

Science fiction. Fair.

Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.

Mountain Road: War drama. Fair.

Murder, Inc.: Gangster drama. Good.

Oscar Wilde: True-life drama. Good.

Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.

Portrait in Black: Drama. Poor.

The Rat Race: Comedy-drama. Good.

Royal Ballet: Dance documentary. Good.

School for Scoundrels: Comedy. Good.

Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.

Strangers When We Meet: Drama. Fair.

The Subterraneans: "Beat" drama. Poor.

Swan Lake: Russian ballet. Good.

Tarzan the Magnificent: Jungle adventure. Fair.

13 Ghosts: Horror melodrama. Poor.

Time Machine: Science fiction. Fair.

Toby Tyler: Circus adventure. Good.

Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.

The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.

Walk Like a Dragon: Western. Fair.

Wild River: Romantic drama. Good.

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of "Bright & Cheery Recipes", a meal-planning guidebook!

How man first came to North America

Continued from page 25

**They were probably just as intelligent as we are
—though they were handicapped by poor equipment**

curator of McGill University's McCord Museum, once walked almost seven hundred miles through blackflies, chest-deep swamps, and rugged mountains in the Yukon looking for traces of early man.

These dogged detectives of pre-history are slowly revealing a saga of migration probably unrivaled in human life. In 1948, Dr. J. L. Giddings, a U.S. archaeologist, found a 9,000-year-old collection of manmade flints on the Alaskan coast just south of the Bering Strait. In 1954, Dr. MacNeish found nine layers of human habitation, going back at least 10,000 years, at a place he called Engistciak near the Arctic coast west of Aklavik.

Though these dates are thousands of years after the dates of finds in Mexico and the U.S., the two discoveries were the first to firmly pin down man's entry to the continent from the northwest. Linked to scores of subsequent smaller finds in the Northwest Territories, British Columbia, Alberta, and elsewhere, they are enabling the archaeologists to fill in the patchwork picture of early man's occupancy of the whole continent.

The story is a high drama of ingenuity and fortitude. "It's easy to say that early man came down from the northwest," says one U.S. archaeologist, "but the territory between Alaska and southwest Canada is one of the most appalling obstacle courses in the world."

The tracing of their journey may have even more significance. A couple of winters ago, Dr. MacNeish found traces of an agricultural people in a central Mexican cave. He dated the find at about 6000 BC. Mesopotamia has always been regarded as the first site of agriculture, but MacNeish's find may show that agriculture developed in North America at about the same time.

The first men to enter North America were *Homo sapiens* like ourselves. They were nothing like the popular conception of prehistoric men, brutal, hairy savages living in caves. They walked erect, were probably beardless, and were by no means stupid. The noted U.S. anthropologist Ashley Montagu once said of such men that if one of them walked down a city street dressed in modern clothes the only people who would look twice at him would be girls.

"These early men," says Walter Kenyon, senior archaeologist at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, "were well organized and managed their lives very well." The Arctic archaeologist at the National Museum, William Taylor, says that their intelligence "was most likely on a par with that of people living today in Moncton, Victoria or Aklavik."

But the first migrants were handicapped by crude tools. "Hunting of any sort was difficult with stone weapons," says Professor T. F. McIlwraith, head of

Continued on page 44

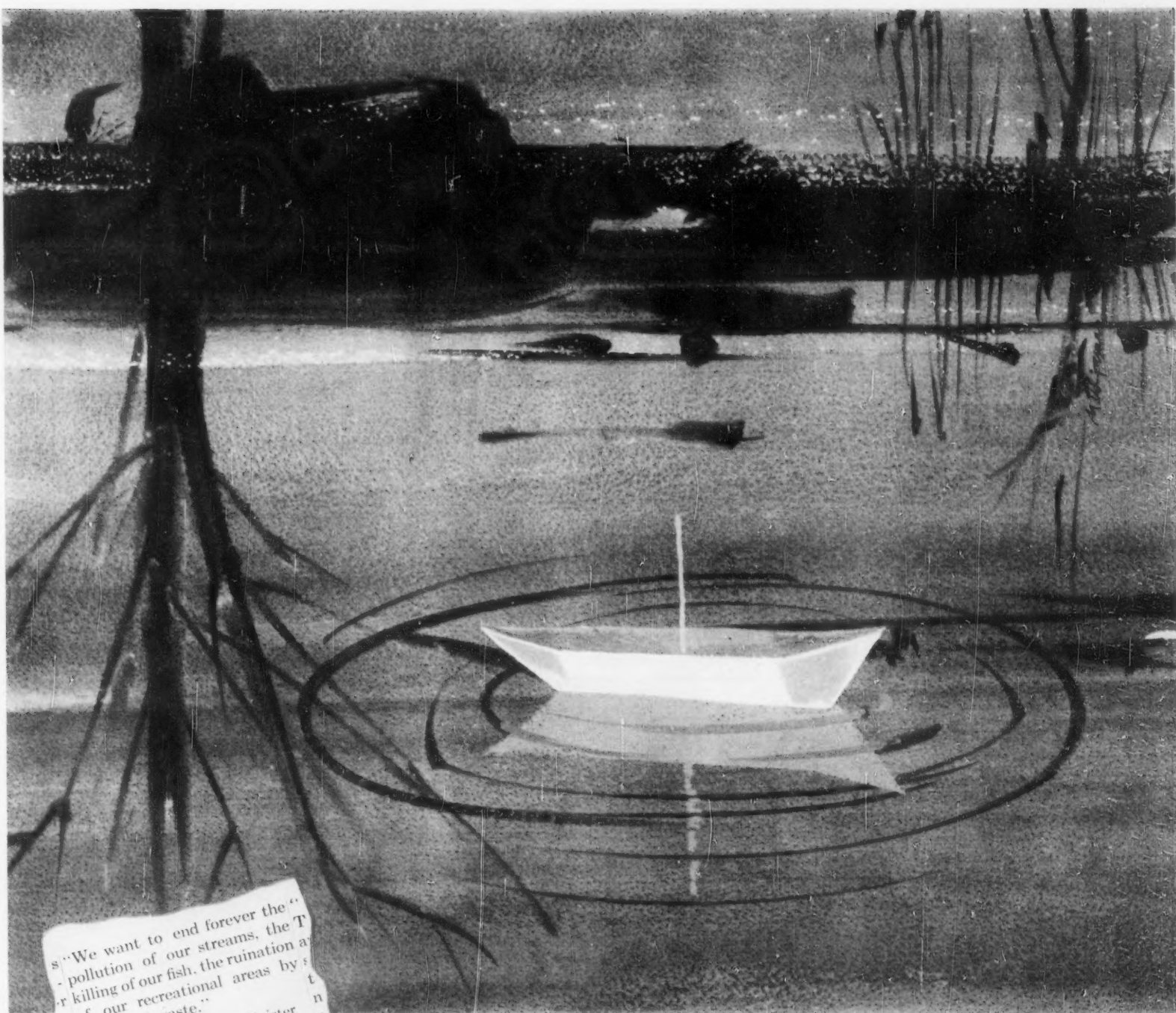
JASPER

By Simpkins



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r killing of our fish, the ruination a
r- of our recreational areas by s
it industrial waste."

Hon. John Robarts, Minister
in charge of Ontario Water
Resources Commission.
(Toronto Star, March 13, 1959)

The skipperless boat

Once the happy playground of children bathing and sailing paper boats, many of Ontario's lakes, streams and public beaches are deserted because of water pollution.

This condition is the concern of everyone, because of the ruination of our beaches and the threat it holds to the health of citizens.

We in industry have a particular part to play in helping to remedy this situation. For industrial waste is a major factor in water pollution. Therefore, the more stringent and efficient we make our purification systems, the more we contribute to the improvement of Ontario's beaches and the conservation of water resources.



Cities Service has always done everything possible to avoid pollution of lake or stream. Its \$3,000,000 Waste Treatment Plant at the Trafalgar Refinery, for instance, treats and purifies all waste that occurs in a refinery. So efficient is the plant that the waste water of the Refinery is purer than when it was first drawn from Lake Ontario. Fish can live in it and it is harmless to humans.



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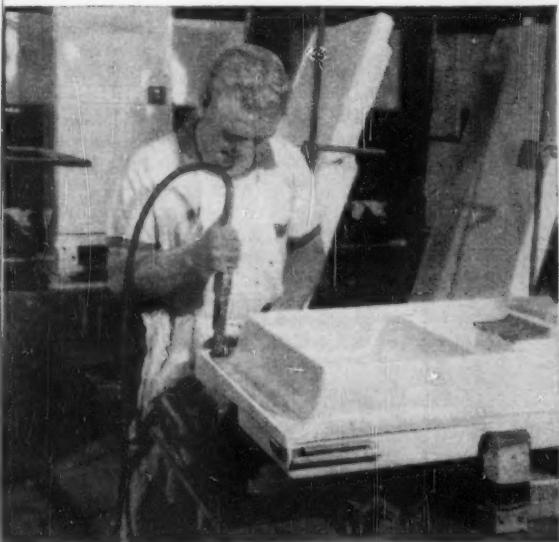
When everything works smoothly, day after day...then you take GM quality for granted...and we pass the big test.

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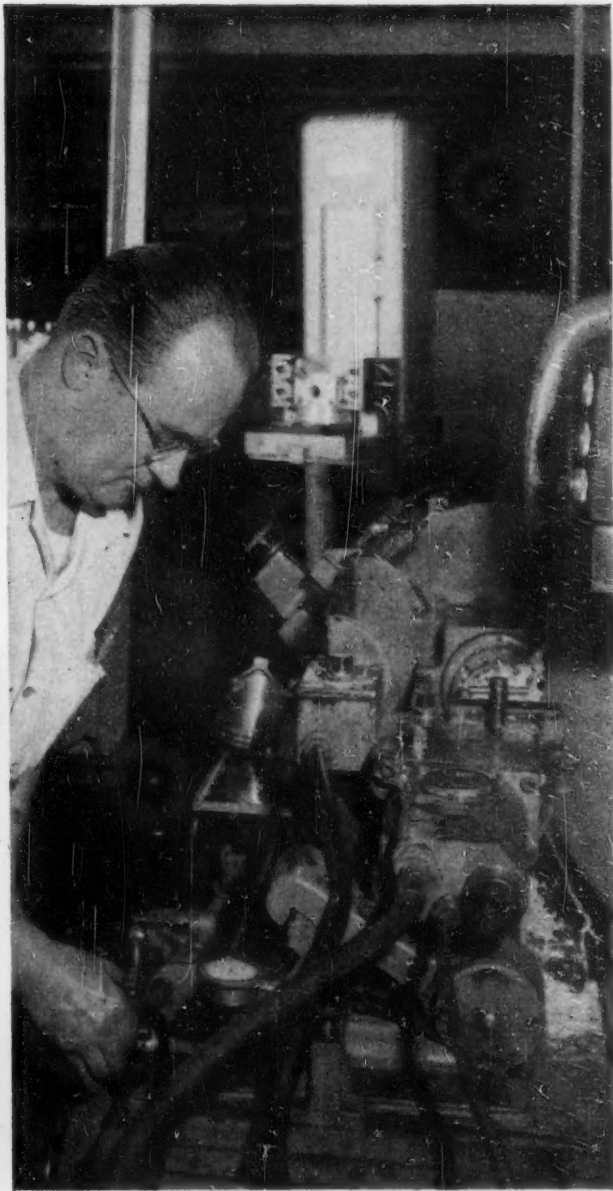
Car doors that shut with time-after-time snug certainty are fitted at the GM Assembly Plant in Oshawa by a uniquely engineered door hanger that enables the operator to hold every car door in accurate position until hinges are permanently bolted. This combination of precision and thorough workmanship is the factor that builds quality. And quality builds public confidence in General Motors products.



The magnet that runs around the door of your Frigidaire refrigerator is fitted with meticulous care by trained craftsmen at the Frigidaire Plant in Scarborough, Ontario. It keeps the refrigerator door completely shut, making doubly sure of a positive air-tight seal, so vital to refrigerator efficiency. Building in extra quality like this is routine practice at all General Motors Plants.



A constant supply of fresh air is essential for maximum efficiency of a Diesel locomotive. Experts with a special skill fit the parts of a blower for a locomotive Diesel engine at the GM Diesel Plant in London. This typical attention to fine detail helps maintain the reputation for GM craftsmanship and built-in quality.



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the Department of Anthropology at the University of Toronto. The men did not then have the bow and arrow. It came with later men. There's a faint chance they had dogs, but they certainly had no other domestic animals. They had fire, but no metal and no wheel.

They wore skin clothes, which may have been tailored, and stitched footwear. They certainly had the atlatl, a throwing stick that fitted into a slot on a spear or dart and enabled the hunter to increase the range of his missile.

They lived anywhere there was game

they could kill—caribou (the skins provided them with the finest insulated clothing available), deer, beaver, and sloth. They probably scavenged, killing ailing mammoths and feeding on dead ones they found. When hunting became difficult, they moved on. They had language, probably highly developed, and certainly some sort of religion. Men of their type in Europe were carefully burying their dead and decorating their graves with shells. They danced, perhaps painted their bodies and sang. Like twentieth-century men, they were super-

stitious, and terrified of things unknown.

They certainly had aesthetic sense; some flint tools of 20,000 years ago show extraordinary delicacy of design and construction, and the men who made them may have marveled at the sweeping beauty of the new land they were entering. The tundra was set against blue mountains, white-capped peaks, ribbons of glaciers. In spring, the tundra blazed with flowers. Through the long grasses roamed caribou, deer, mammoth lions, and bison, some of them with horns of six feet. Overhead flew

geese and ducks, eagles and ptarmigan.

The newcomers were able to cross from Asia to Alaska because of an extraordinary chain of events. All Canada was then in the grip of the last great glacial age, the Wisconsin, named after the state in which its deposits were first studied. A vast sheet of ice stretched from Greenland to B. C. At times, it was 3,000 feet thick over Vancouver Island; perhaps thousands of feet thick over the sites of Montreal and Toronto. This mass of ice sopped up the oceans and lowered the level of the Arctic Ocean by about 200 feet. Since the Bering Strait between Alaska and Asia is only 150 feet deep, the Wisconsin must have exposed a land link between the two continents. Even more coincidentally, Alaska had a low rainfall and ice hadn't a chance to form on its plains. So instead of moving into a land of icy desolation, the early men found game in a climate as warm as it is today.

The migrants crossed to Alaska for one reason: food. As Hannah M. Wormington, curator of archaeology at the Denver Museum of Natural History, has said, "Primitive man doesn't depart from known familiar things to face the unknown. Some strong compulsive force, such as the need for food, will cause him to make a drastic change."

In pursuit of game, the men camped on riverbanks, near caribou crossings, or close to salmon spawning runs. Along many Alaskan rivers, like the Kuskokwim and Tanana, they must have seen bears catch spawning salmon in the rapids. The overfed bears would tear out only the guts and roe and drop the carcasses. Early men undoubtedly drove off the bears and feasted on the freshly killed fish.

Glaciers blocked the Pacific coast

Over hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, more men came over the land bridge and the earlier men pushed deeper into Alaska. Some moved south of the Alaska Range, within sight of 20,320-foot Mount McKinley, only to find that hunting stopped on the south coast at a line of impassable glaciers. They could see icebergs floating west across the Gulf of Alaska.

Others went north of the Alaska Range through tundra country, following the rivers to their icebound origins in the Wrangell, St. Elias and Mackenzie mountains. Some followed the Yukon and then the Porcupine, which bore directly northeast into the mountains and disappeared, like the others, into ice.

Early men commonly moved along coastlines, and some groups headed north from the Bering Strait bridge along the coast, keeping north of the Brooks Range, which dominates northern Alaska and was heavily glaciated throughout the Wisconsin. Here, they found more than 20,000 square miles of tundra. The hunting was good. Everywhere, men were moving east. The migration, which wasn't purposive or even continuous, probably took hundreds of years. No doubt many of the men returned to Asia. But in their wanderings they were heading for a dramatic breakthrough.

When Richard MacNeish and Gordon Lowther were exploring the Firth River, which crosses the Alaska-Yukon border about 80 miles from the Arctic coast, in 1956, they flew over the Rat Pass, the lowest pass in the Rockies. It lies in a roughly northeasterly line of travel that early men would have taken up the Porcupine River, which branches off from the Yukon a hundred miles or so away.



Rum drinkers! The rums in the raffia have arrived. They are Gilbey's Governor General Rums. Ask for the one you prefer—the Light Rum, the White Rum, or the Dark Rum. Each bottle is handwrapped in West Indian raffia. We're sure you will like everything, including the price, about **Governor General Rums**

The pass was never blocked by glacial ice. "It would have been easy to cross the icebound mountains there," says Lowther.

Later, near the coast on the Firth River, MacNeish and Lowther were excavating for relics near a caribou crossing when their Eskimo guide climbed a small steep hill nearby to look out over the coastal plain for caribou. As Lowther watched, he saw a re-creation of perhaps 25,000 years of history, a hunter instinctively seeking high ground to watch for game.

Since the coastal plain was not glaciated either, the men who had gone north of the Brooks would be moving east parallel with those climbing over the Rat Pass. Farther to the east lay ice—nearly three thousand miles of it, apparently blocking all routes to the central continent.

But the Wisconsin ice sheet had a surprising flaw in its vast surface. Shortly before the war, geologists discovered a couple of stretches of unglaciated land running parallel to the Rockies on their east side. This meant that the enormous westward-moving ice sheet petered out before it reached the eastward-moving ice sheet from the Rockies.

The geologists knew that the Wisconsin, like all ice ages, had interstadial periods, when the ice thawed for a few hundred or thousand years. During such periods, they calculated, there could have been a corridor of ice-free land stretching from the Mackenzie delta right into ice-free continental America.

James B. Griffin, of the Museum of Anthropology at the University of Michigan, has said that according to some geologists the corridor was open about 30,000 years ago. It may have been closed 5,000 years later and opened again between 14,000 and 16,000 years ago. During these thaw periods, animals would push into the thawing territory as herbiage sprang up. Somewhere in that time, it's likely that men, in their perennial quest for game, entered the centre of the continent via the mountains of Wyoming and Montana.

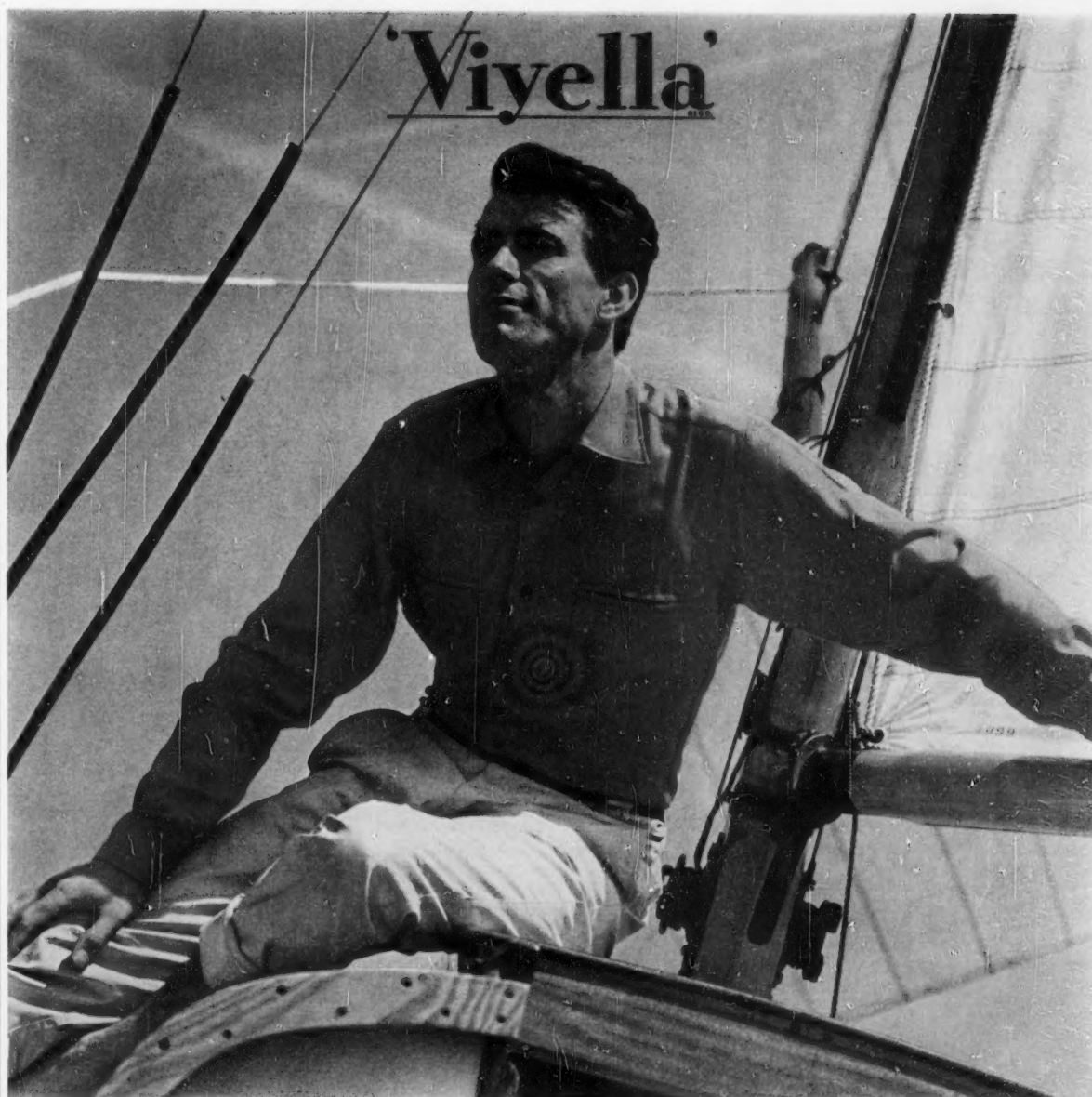
They moved through woodland country, hunting small game, camping in rough shelters made of branches and skins. When they found suitable types of rock, they might set up workshops where they laboriously chipped stone spear, dart and knife points. Lowther recently found one of these at Tadoussac, Quebec, which had been in use almost continuously for 6,000 years. The early men carved handles from wood and bone, jammed or tied the points to the tips of them, and fashioned flint scrapers for preparing animal skins for their use.

In this new land, their ways of life changed sharply. Some became salmon eaters on the banks of rivers, particularly the Columbia and Fraser. Dr. Charles E. Borden of the University of British Columbia recently dug thirty feet down through human deposits by the Fraser, representing more than 6,000 years of fishing in the river by early men.

Some became hunters, and lived in caves at Sandia, New Mexico. They left behind them beautifully made flint spear points which, according to scanty evidence, were made about 20,000 to 30,000 years ago. Others moved deep into South America. There is a carbon-14 dating of human site material showing they reached the southern tip of the continent about 8,500 years ago. Others pushed north in the wake of the thawing Wisconsin and left traces perhaps 15,000 years ago on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron.

By about 10,000 years ago, men were

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spread through most of the continent. The Folsom men—named after a village in New Mexico—were stalking mastodons on the great plains. These men seemed aggressive and widespread. They were probably later, highly successful immigrants.

In 1924, a young collector, Kenneth Jones, found one of their distinctively fluted points at Mortlach, Saskatchewan. In 1926, an American paleontologist found similar flints at Folsom under thirteen feet of alluvial gravel. Dr. Frank Hibben, director of the Natural History Museum of New Mexico, once found a Folsom point for sale in a curio shop at Ketchikan, Alaska. Since then, Soviet archaeologists have found flint points in Siberia that resemble these Folsom finds.

Perhaps Folsom man was too successful. Something—perhaps weather changes, perhaps hunting—wiped out a great number of North American animals around this time. Many kinds of deer, bison, tigers, horses and mastodons vanished. Perhaps the bow came to North America from Asia at that time, giving its users a temporary mastery over all other life.

One thing is sure. While man pushed his successful settlement of the New World to its limits, the Wisconsin was melting fast, filling up the Arctic Ocean again and eventually flooding the land bridge across the Bering Strait. North American man was completely sealed off from the Old World about 10,000 years ago.

They were horseless hunters

While men in Europe and Asia tamed the horse and later invented the wheel, as hunting and fishing cultures turned to agriculture to create the civilizations of Sumer and Egypt, most North Americans remained hunters, wheel-less and horseless. There were no more men out of Asia for thousands of years. Count Eigil Knuth, a Danish archaeologist, recently found traces of Eskimo habitation on the northern tip of Greenland going back about 4,000 years—which means that even the Eskimos have been here longer than was suspected a few years ago. These first Eskimos, whose origins are obscure, were replaced about 800 BC by the Dorset Eskimos, who were in turn overwhelmed by the Thule Eskimos about AD 1000. William Taylor of the National Museum believes that both the Dorset and Thule peoples came from Asia. The flooding of the Bering land bridge didn't stop them. They were accustomed to living on the edge of pack ice and were accomplished small-boat mariners.

The ebb and flow of North American life over more than 20,000 years has left a record that is still frustratingly fragmentary, and many mysteries remain to be solved. "The archaeologists will solve them," says William Taylor, "given time, people, work." They include the puzzle of the fair-skinned Beothuk Indians of Newfoundland, who spoke an unknown language. The Beothuks were slaughtered by white men in the eighteenth century and the last of them died in 1829. Nobody can yet be sure how they fit into North American life.

The Mound Builders of eastern America are still baffling. They built mounds in the shapes of turtles, men and serpents—one of these 1,300 feet long—and some even in semi-pyramidal form. One of these pyramids in Illinois is a hundred feet high and covers almost fifteen acres. Its construction must have taken 1,000 men working for twenty



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years. What happened to these active, successful people? Nobody knows.

Dr. George Carter of Johns Hopkins University, a geographer, botanist, and anthropologist, claims to have a site at La Jolla, California, with very primitive traces of human life from 100,000 years ago. He and some other scientists believe that man really came here before the Wisconsin, perhaps 300,000 years ago. They point out there were early men—*Sinanthropus pekinensis*—living then in China.

A former National Museum archaeologist, Tom Lee, dug up some ancient human relics on Manitoulin Island in 1951 and he was sure, from the geology of the area, they were about 100,000 years old. But he got no support for his views and never put them fully into print.

The search for early North American man is probably the most difficult archaeology in the world. Because of permafrost, and perhaps glaciation, there's little chance of finding bones. Stray flint points may be the archaeologist's only clue to life there. It's a triumph if he finds layers of human habitation.

When Richard MacNeish was excavating his great find at Engistciak in 1955, he dug down through three layers of Eskimo culture dated from about the time of Columbus back to the time of Christ. He dug through a layer of primitive Eskimo flint points and burins—slot-making tools that early men used for fine cutting jobs such as slicing bones to make knife and scraper handles and other tools. They were probably left by men living there when Babylon was a young city or when the Pharaohs were building their pyramids.

Finally, under a layer of sand and gravel, he found ten crude choppers and scrapers and a fragment of buffalo bone. This material probably dates from 8,000 or 10,000 years ago. But such finds are rare.

The story of early man in North America is the story of *Homo sapiens* himself, and the only reason there is any story is because he has always been an extraordinary fellow. The first traces of him anywhere in the world were in Europe 40,000 years ago. There he assimilated Neanderthal man, another type of man with heavy eye ridges, a receding chin and a bigger brain than modern man. But *Homo sapiens* was the latest refinement of perhaps a million years of human habitation of the earth. He had a peculiar spark, one that sent him across the world in all directions. In 15,000 years, or less, he had advanced across steppe, mountain and desert, assimilating or killing more primitive men as he came, till at last he set foot on the land bridge to North America.

All archaeologists expect dramatic new finds that may change many of our present ideas about early men on this continent. "Discovery is going ahead so fast that our knowledge changes almost daily," says Dr. Edward Rogers, an ethnologist at the Royal Ontario Museum.

The Arctic Institute is sponsoring a \$250,000 expedition to Devon Island, almost 2,000 miles north of Toronto, starting in 1961. The twenty or so scientists going out with the expedition will spend up to ten years studying the island's archaeology, botany, climatology and geology. Some archaeologists, like MacNeish and Lowther, who have vast areas to explore, are using light planes. Others taking part in the hunt for early man are trying to raise money for helicopters.

"Our biggest discoveries are still ahead of us," says Gordon Lowther, with satisfaction. ★

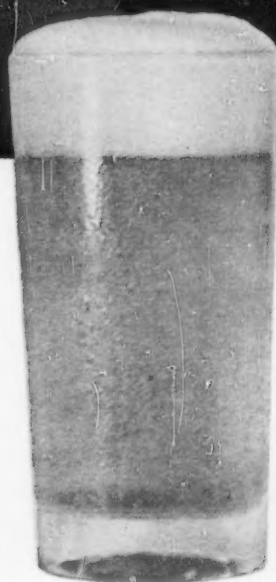
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Holiday weekend in Mexico City

Continued from page 33

lovers. I say "necked" advisedly. The men were all using a grip that our wrestlers assume is a stranglehold.

I emerged on Avenida Juárez, an expensive thoroughfare smelling of French perfume and tooled leather. For five pesos I rode to the bar in the observation tower of the Torre Latino Americana, a 43-story glass-and-steel spire built on floating piers.

"In the '57 earthquake," the waiter said, "not a pane of glass cracked. It is said to be the world's tallest building."

I raised an eyebrow. "A joke," he said. "Because of the altitude. The foundation is a mile and a half high."

"Your English is good," I flattered him.

"I'm from Cincinnati," he said.

I sipped tequila, that famed firewater Mexicans make from cactus, and watched the sun set over the continent's third largest city. Descending I strolled to the Plaza de la Reforma.

Here you see the National Lottery building, a striking modern shrine, and beyond it, down Calle Balderas, a lovely old church with twin spires. I like the way the past and present rub shoulders here, the way some of the soaring new structures are shaped with love, some with pride, some with exuberance, and some merely with money.

By day the Reforma, broad and tree-lined, is reminiscent of Paris. Now, at night, the neon fireworks of the beer and liquor signs made it a miniature Broadway. The ladies were Park Avenue, elaborately coiffed, tightly sheathed. My glances at first were circumspect, but caution soon disappears. Mexican men leer openly. They comment or whistle at every appearance of pulchritude. You hear a lot of whistling in Mexico City.

The traffic at the Plaza swirls round a fine bronze horse and rider. One has a feeling the drivers aren't long off horses. In a jam, instead of slowing, they jab their foot at the gas like a rider putting spurs to his mount. Pedestrians ignore the traffic lights and the cabbies swoop down upon them like cowboys eagerly riding down a stray.

I tried to whistle down one of these demon drivers. All the ladies passing stared at me. After twenty minutes a small boy stepped beside me and hissed. A cab stopped. I turned to the boy to thank him and two women leaped into the cab. Unless your reflexes are fast you develop strong legs in Mexico.

The boy shrugged apologetically. I shrugged philosophically. The encounter had the warmth that comes when empathy surmounts language. I walked on, hissing, and finally snared a taxi. "Mauna Loa," I said. It was just around the corner.

The Mauna Loa has more Hawaiian atmosphere than the islands, tropical greens behind glass walls, a straw and bamboo roof, Polynesian totem poles, lovely live flamingos, lovely live Malaysian girls, and, curiously, a kangaroo.

I was welcomed by a tall dark brooding young man, Lindsay Gatty, a partner in this venture. "Why the kangaroo?" I asked. "I'm from Australia,"



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he said. His father was Harold Gatty, a famous pioneer airman.

Out of young Gatty's fertile mind have emerged such exotic libations as Naku-tipipi (served in a pineapple), a Tafoa Love Potion (for two, naturally) and a Ua Pou Pearl (a real pearl in every fifth drink). "Some people come in the afternoon and try to leave with a necklace," Gatty said darkly. "I chose a smoking volcano called a Tamarapu Kava Bowl, rum seasoned with pineapple, apple and lemon juice."

Gatty suggested hors d'œuvre—fried won ton, an eggroll, rumaki (chicken livers) and barbecued spareribs—followed by chicken with Japanese mushrooms, lobster Cantonese, and filet of beef with oyster sauce. It was as good as the Canton in Ottawa at its best. High praise. I told him, furtively glancing at the tab (six dollars with the drink).

"Yes, we're very successful," Gatty said gloomily. "Alec Guinness was three days in Mexico and ate five meals here. We get all the movie stars." He brightened. A tall striking blonde had come in. "The singer at the Continental Hilton roof," he said. "Terrific, eh? You should go there."

I did. Gatty came too. He was badly smitten. We sat near the band, and all around, through glass walls, the city twinkled. At 11 o'clock the band played Star Dust and in the sudden darkness fireworks rained from the roof on every side. It was very festive, moving me to rumba with Irene Buchanan, a Mexican ex-schoolteacher whose charm and erudition were now employed in her work as assistant hotel manager. Whereupon, leaving Gatty plotting how next to see the singer, I hissed up a cab and rode home.

"Now it's like Toronto"

Breakfast in the Hotel de Cortés' sunny courtyard is delightful. You begin with slices of grapefruit, melon, banana, papaya, and pineapple, all trucked in, tree-ripened, from Mexico's tropical lowlands. Then hot rolls, ham, and eggs Mexican style, which involves gulping cool air quickly after each bite. With the rich local coffee and the one-dollar check I had a visitor, a guide MacAlpin had sent to show me around.

He had been a musician for thirteen years before the mayor, an ex-cowpuncher named Ernesto Uruchurtu, cracked down on the nightclubs. "Before Uruchurtu," he sighed, "we had burlesque. Real French shows. You could drink and dance with a woman all night and take her out. Now the clubs are like in Toronto. I played Toronto." He sighed again. "Is bad for tourists."

We walked east on Hidalgo. "Before Uruchurtu," he said, "people dump their garbage on the street. The markets—so dirty the rats are fat. The fountains—all dry. Now Uruchurtu sends garbage trucks. He builds new markets. The fountains have water. Everywhere, in the parks, bee-oo-ti-ful flowers. We call Uruchurtu 'Mr. Flowers.' Is good for tourists."

We came to the great colonial square called the Zócalo.

We contemplated the oldest and largest cathedral on the continent, site of a temple where Aztec priests ripped the hearts from their still-living victims. "Bee-oo-ti-ful, no?" said my guide. I thought it lacked proportion. The interior was too cluttered to have grandeur. "Very impressive," I said truthfully.

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If anything goes wrong in Mexico City, "it's the altitude"; it even gets blamed for hangovers

Off the Arcade of Tradesmen we browsed in a storehouse of splendid *bric-à-brac* the National Pawnshop, where interest rates are set low to circumvent usurers. In the President's Palace, site of the once-greater palace of Moctezuma, the last Aztec emperor, we lingered over Diego Rivera's murals. In fascinating detail they show how a handful of Spaniards conquered and repressed the Indian masses. Rivera was half-Indian. All his Spaniards are ugly. "Bee-oo-ti-ful, yes?" said my guide. Well, the Indians are.

For a dollar we took a 14-mile cab ride to University City where 156 architects, and the nation's best painters and sculptors, have converted the hemisphere's oldest university (400-odd years) into the world's most spectacular showcase of scholarship.

The 550-acre campus was reared on a desert of lava spewed up by an extinct volcano. The humanities building, nearly a quarter of a mile long, looks like the UN turned on its side. Four swimming pools adjoin to make the world's biggest. The stadium, modeled after a volcano's crater, seats 104,000. The 12-story library is surfaced with one monumental mosaic by Mexican artist Juan O'Gorman. "Bee-oo-ti-ful, yes?" said my guide, in his first understatement.

Beside a huge Stalin-like statue of ex-president Alemán, known as Joe to 45,000 students, I engaged two in conversation. Hunt McCauley from Iowa, and Francis Beattie from Hamilton, on leave of absence from Queen's Univer-

sity. "Imagine all this"—Beattie gestured—"in a city so poor that a million families live in one room each, go to the fountains for water, empty their pails in the public bathrooms, queue up for two or three hours to get their milk from the government at 60 centavos (4½ cents) a quart. You can see they believe in the future."

McCauley drove us back to town. My guide was all for continuing our tour. His enthusiasm was admirable but wearing. I said *gracias*, and joined McCauley for lunch in his apartment.

Ale for eight cents a pint

His brunette wife served us salad, toasted cheese sandwiches, and a cold Mexican ale much like ours except for the price, eight cents a pint. "I thought you got the turista from salads," I said, munching heartily, "otherwise known as Moctezuma's revenge, or dysentery."

"Believe me, you can," she said. "I wash mine well, but I've had it three times. I usually blame the altitude. It's so handy. If I'm lazy, it's the altitude. If I snap at Hunt, it's the altitude. If I feel lousy in the morning, it's the altitude."

"I tell her, don't drink so much altitude," Hunt said.

That night, at Hunt's suggestion, I invested four dollars for dinner at the Hotel Vasco de Quiroga and watched Mexico City's best folk dancers for two hours. They're flamboyant, virile, vividly costumed and trained from infancy. Afterward, they paraded through the

audience, mostly Americans. I seized the chance for a chat with the comely young star. I said several things in English, she answered fully in Spanish, and since neither of us understood the other, we parted warmly.

Next morning I strolled to Sanborn's House of Tiles. The Sanborns were Americans, two brothers who made their fortunes in World War I selling sodas to Mexicans. Whereupon they turned the courtyard of this aged colonial mansion into the city's most cheerful place to breakfast.

Amber light filters down through the glassed-in roof. Waitresses rustle and bustle in crisp quaint costumes. Over delectable fruit and coffee you have an unexcelled view of tourists from all parts of the globe, identifiable by their Mexican shirts or skirts.

I buttonholed the headwaiter; he seemed to have nothing to do but smile. "I regret I have not time to talk," he said. "I could tell you of the generals who ate here in the revolution and when they did not like the food they shot away the tiles. Once the great boxer Jack Johnson ate here with a general. Our manager spoke to the general. 'General,' he said, 'our American customers do not like to eat with your guest. They do not eat with Negroes in their country.' 'They have never eaten with Negroes?' asked the general. 'Never,' our manager said. 'Then how do they know they don't like it?' said the general. 'Let us try it.' He pulls his gun. 'You will serve it.' Every tourist ate well. But I cannot talk to you now. Come back

after breakfast." "I regret," I said, "that I must go to the pyramids."

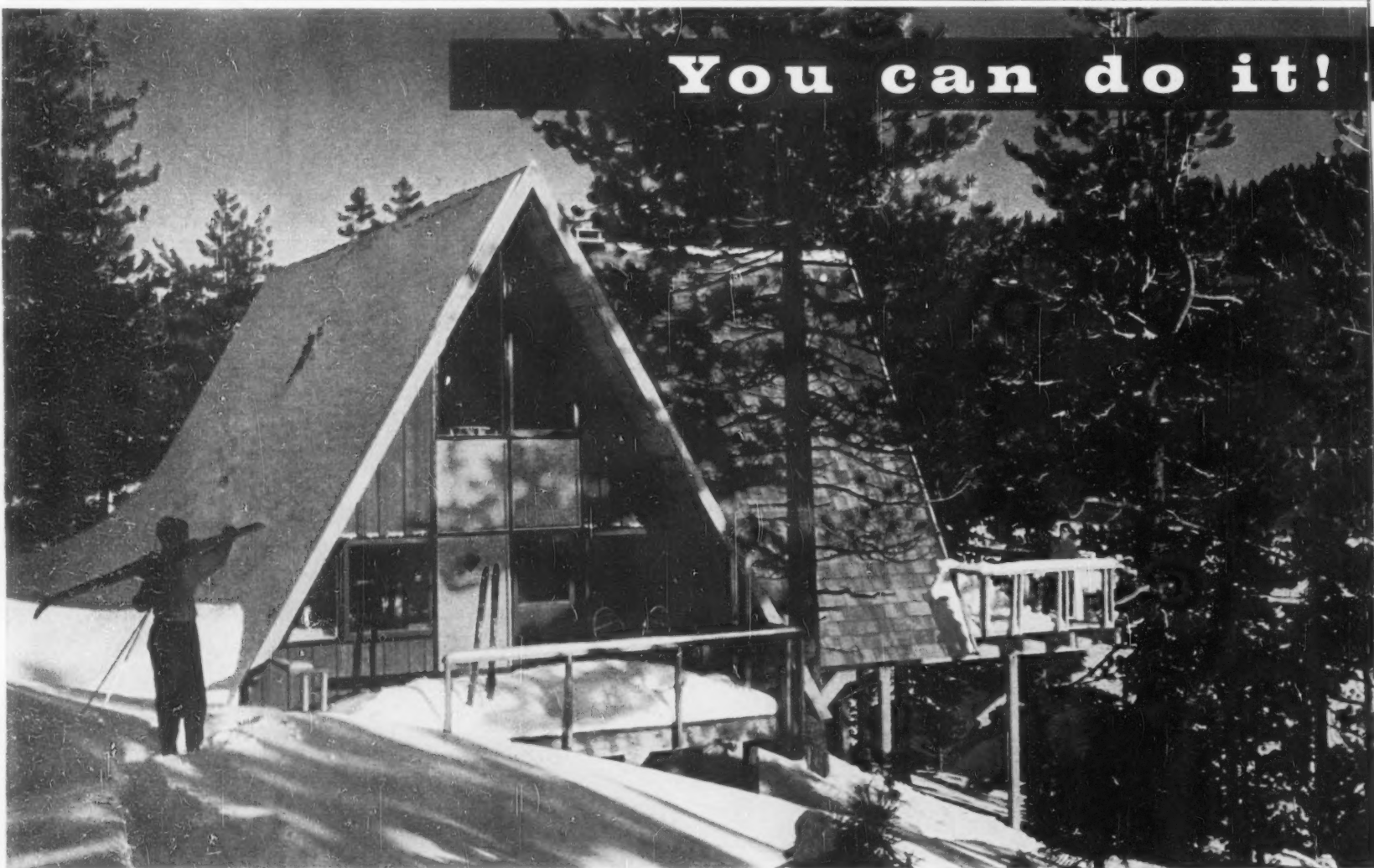
Buses to the pyramids leave from the Palace of Fine Arts, a pile of Italian marble and taste built in 1934 but so grandiose that already it has the interest of contrast. Inside are items of greater interest—ballet, opera, recitals, sculpture, paintings. I listened to a pianist practice behind a studio door, viewed the frescoes by Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros, and came out feeling so fine that a grizzled guide talked me unresistingly into his waiting Cadillac.

"For eleven dollars, señor, no more, I throw in silver factories . . . No? The pyramids only? Hokay."

We stopped at two silver factories, a glassworks, a leather factory, two weavers and a roadside pottery stall. The guidebooks say you disappoint Mexicans if you pay their asking price. Obliging I bid \$3 for a \$4 silver bracelet that would have cost \$12 in Canada. The saleslady exploded. At our next stop I fancied a leather purse. In Toronto it would have cost \$30 to \$40. The tag said \$10. I bid \$10. No one seemed disappointed.

It was lunchtime, even in Mexico, when we reached the pyramids. My guide insisted I lunch at the restaurant called Mirador. It has beautiful stonework and looks out on the monuments. I saw no flies in Mexico City; they all congregate here. The food is execrable. My guide ate with relish and blandly gave me his \$1.75 check.

The pyramids rise, huge, grey and incredible, from a brown plain. They



You can do it!

were here before the Spaniards, before the Aztecs. The Toltecs who built them were engineers and astrologers and artists and all that is left of their cities now are these terraced stone temples.

My guide pointed out the temple of Quetzalcóatl with its gaping snake's heads carved from volcanic stone. The jewels in the eyes, he said, had all been stolen. His spiel, and the hawkers who brandish their brand-new authentic relics at you, kept jerking me back from the past to the present. I asked him to wait while I climbed to the top of the Pyramid to the Sun, 216 feet, largest of these temples, bigger in bulk than Cheops in Egypt.

Climbing the steep stone steps you leave sound behind. From the top you look down the Road of the Dead to the Pyramid to the Moon, smaller and grown over with grass. On these altar stones a hundred thousand men have shed their blood. Now it is littered with orange peel. I climbed down thoughtfully.

"Hotel de Cortés," I said.

"Hokay," said my guide.

We pulled up at Guadalupe, holiest shrine in Latin America. You do not see beauty here, you see faith. A middle-aged Indian woman was approaching the church on her knees, leaving bloodstains behind her on the cement. Her family fussed around her ineffectually. The hushed interior was crowded. The Mexican Indian prays to the virgin of Guadalupe. He is so sure her image on the dashboard of his car will keep him from harm that the wail of an ambulance siren is a constant sound in the city.

My guide suggested a place for dinner. I feigned illness with ease. On part-

ing he demanded \$16. "You said \$11," I said. "Look at the time you took," he said. His effrontery was magnificent. I gave him \$11.50.

I ate at the Cortés, beside a fire in the courtyard, an entrée of red snapper, a sea fish flown from Veracruz. Then chiles en nogada—peppers stuffed with ground nuts, pork, garlic, cinnamon, raisins, almonds, chopped peaches and pears, grated cheese, kernels of pomegranate, and over all an aromatic sauce. Troubadors played softly on their guitars. I sipped kahlua, a Mexican liqueur distilled from coffee, and felt at peace with the night.

Around midnight I went to Gitane-rías, a Spanish gypsy club, to see the city's finest flamenco dancers. When the dancers quit the patrons took over. They sang, danced, and handed each other jars that squirt wine in a thin stream. Every fifteen minutes three ruffians (I later found out they were bank managers) would cluster round my table, slap down a jar, and say, "Drink!" You're supposed to open your mouth, let the wine stream in, then lift the jar. "Higher, higher!" they'd shout. "Olé, olé!" When I left, my once-white shirt was a blotchy purple.

In the morning I took a cab to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, which means place of flowers. In this New World Venice, my guidebooks say, the visitor floats on flower-laden boats through a maze of flower-banked canals.

In an hour and a half of floating past islands that haven't floated for centuries, the only flowers I saw adorned the boats and they were plastic. Instead, I saw something richer: a pageant of Mexican life, a cross-section of Mexico City,



MACLEAN'S

"I came down here on a travel-now, pay-mañana plan."

families, lovers, the rich, the poor, eating, drinking, talking, singing, staring at the tourists. I gave some mariachis two dollars to serenade me and stared back. The mariachis play good but loud. Per decibel they're the world's best musical bargain.

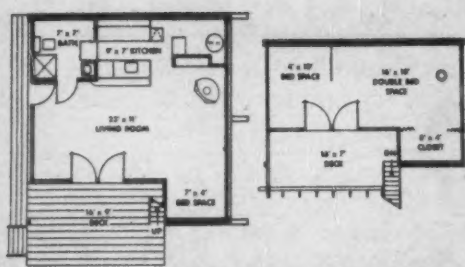
I drove through Chapultepec Park en route to lunch. Everybody who isn't at Xochimilco is here. It has everything: beautiful gardens, an open-air concert, sidewalk cafés, a castle, a zoo, a midway, a lake, woods, and more hucksters than Coney Island. Beyond it is the racetrack. Beyond that, the Bay Horse

Inn. More properly, the Mesón del Caballo Bayo.

The Caballo Bayo looks like a Spanish mission. It has a pigeoncote and a flowering patio. The waiter brought dishes of chopped liver, carnitas (french-fried pork), and guacamole (mashed avocado with onion, tomato and chili pepper)—appetizers to be eaten with hot tortillas. The specialty of the house was lamb, baked on hot stones for eight hours. They cook goat this way too. Maybe this was goat. It was juicy without being greasy, tender and delicately flavored. The red wine called Santo

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Fredericton's monstrous frog

People in New Brunswick have never been able to settle the seventy-five-year-old argument that revolves around the monster Coleman frog—whether it really lived, or whether it is an intriguing fake. It squats goggle-eyed in a glass case in the York-Sunbury Historical Society's museum at Fredericton, where officials refuse to accept the idea that it should be exposed to X-ray or any other scientific investigation.

According to the legend — a legend New Brunswick would hate to see destroyed — Fred Coleman, a hotelkeeper, discovered a huge bullfrog in Killarney Lake near Fredericton and fattened it on a diet of bran and ox blood until it finally attained a weight of forty-two pounds. This, according to the tale, was six times its weight when Coleman caught it.

Coleman is supposed to have had it stuffed, and for several decades it was displayed in the lobby of the Barker House, a Fredericton hostelry owned by the Coleman family. Coleman used it to convince anglers and hunters that wild life flourished in New Brunswick

as nowhere else. He also sold them postcards of the frog to take home.

When Fred Coleman died, his son Chauncey inherited the Barker House and the frog. When Chauncey retired to the New Brunswick village of Oromocto, he took the frog with him, and it vanished from public view until a few years ago, when his widow presented it to the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

Was it real or phony? While most Frederictonians prefer to accept it as genuine, there are skeptics who say it is a papier-mâché imitation made long ago to advertise a patented cough medicine called Frog-in-the-Throat. They say that it sat in the window of a Fredericton drugstore until Fred Coleman bought it, hid it away until others had forgotten it, then produced it as a tourist attraction. The argument about whether it is a stuffed frog or an imitation may never be settled, but as a topic of conversation and a tourist curiosity it has had as long a career as any frog, dead or alive.

— MARY MCKINNEY

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The truth about men, women and money

Are women, for biological reasons, inept at handling money? Or is this a falsehood, perpetuated by men, who use money to dominate women?

Read Sidney Katz's report in the next **MACLEAN'S** On sale Sept. 27

Tomas was light but smooth. I ended with café de olla, coffee with cinnamon and brown sugar, paid the four-dollar check, drove to the hotel, packed, and rode to the airport.

Waiting for the plane to Zihuatanejo, a paradise beside the palm-fringed Pacific (the guidebooks say), I thought of my travel agent. He would want to know my impressions of Mexico City.

Well, the altitude is creeping into the

prices, but it's still the only big city I know of on this continent where \$38 a day will surround you with luxury.

It has more for the eye than any city I know except Rome or London, more for the palate than any city except New York or Paris, more for the nose than any except Genoa.

It's a city of surprises, I'll say. But perhaps he won't be surprised when I tell him you can't learn them all in a weekend. ★



The life of Alexander Graham Bell

continued from page 28

From an umbrella mender, he got \$300 in cash — from a Brantford notable, mainly promises

that the young man seemed nervous.

"Yes, my boy?"

"Mr. Excell, I need money. I need it rather badly."

Jimmy Excell, who heard everything that went on in town, knew about the Bell experiments.

"It is for the invention?"

"Yes, Mr. Excell. I have passed the experimental stage. It works. It will be a success. But there is still so much to be done. Improvements, you know, and materials and the cost of patents. And that takes more money than I have."

"How much do you need?"

The dedicated young man swallowed. It was a colossal sum he must ask.

"Yes, my boy?"

"Three hundred dollars."

The mender of umbrellas laid down whatever task he had in hand. Then he left the room, and soon he could be heard climbing the stairs to his living quarters above. When he returned, he carried a leather bag, tied carefully with a thick cord. This he opened and then shook out on the counter ten-dollar bills, gold pieces, silver. He counted out three hundred dollars, which made a formidable mound.

"There you are, my boy."

Alexander Graham Bell was at first too much taken by surprise to say anything. Then he stammered, "You will have a note for me to sign?"

The elderly man shook his head.

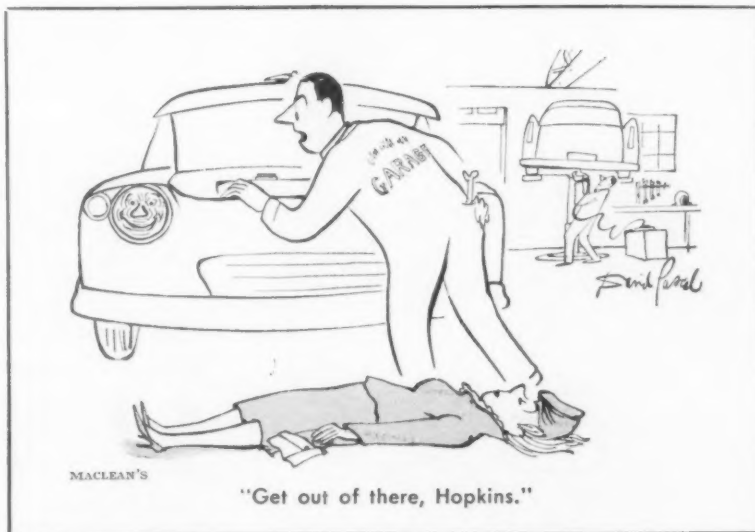
"Young man," he said, "if your word is not good, then your signature will not be of value. I do not want a note."

This is the story repeated by some of the oldest residents. It is not included in what may be called the recognized stories of the Great Event. But it is such a pleasant anecdote that I cannot resist telling it.

The question of financing the invention was always a difficult one for the Bells, and many citizens of Brantford were invited to participate. I doubt if much help was gained in that way. In my recent search along the trail that led to the telephone, I encountered many people who spoke wistfully of what might have been. "Oh, if Great-grandfather So-and-so," they would say, "had not been so careful about his investments and so tight with his money, I would be a millionaire today."

Among the Brantford residents to whom Bell took his financial problems was the Hon. George Brown, founder of the Toronto Globe and one of the principal authors of Canadian Confederation. Brown spent his summers at Bow Park, a magnificent thousand-acre farm and country estate two miles from the Bell home. He had by this time withdrawn from active politics but he still used his trenchant pen in the columns of his newspaper as a whiplash to keep the Liberal party true to its traditions.

George Brown listened intently while



"Get out of there, Hopkins."



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the youthful inventor explained his need for funds. He knew what young Bell was trying to do but he undoubtedly shared, in part at least, the opinion of most people, that the telephone would never be anything but a toy. No man who tossed money about as he did in the improvement of his herds could be called closefisted. More likely he did not think it would be either wise or dignified to be concerned with a scheme which might be considered crackbrained.

How much would be needed?

Not a great deal, explained the young

inventor. No more than enough to enable him to finish his experiments with a free mind. Perhaps at this point the figure was mentioned which later was to have been embodied in an agreement. The amount stipulated was twenty-five dollars a month from George Brown and a similar payment from his brother Gordon for a period of six months. For this, the Browns would be given a half interest in the British Empire patents, including Canada.

It seems, nevertheless, that an understanding was reached by which Brown

and his brother agreed to make monthly payments to cover Bell's personal expenses. This was in September 1875 but after Bell returned to Boston the expected remittances were not received, nor did the promised agreement reach him. Later the inventor stated that the understanding had covered the taking out of patents in foreign countries by the brothers Brown. No application was to be filed in the U.S. Patent Office until the European arrangements had been completed.

George Brown sailed to England on January 25 of the following year. Graham

Bell and his backers and associates waited anxiously for word of the filing in London. Nothing came. They were prepared to act immediately. The American application was sworn to in Boston and was sent to the solicitors in Washington, with instructions to act immediately when the word from abroad had been received.

Years later, on the witness stand in a patent lawsuit, Bell explained the sequel in these words:

"Mr. Brown neglected to take any action in the matter and sent no cablegram; and Mr. Hubbard, becoming impatient at the delay, privately instructed my solicitors to file the specification in the American Patent Office, and on the fourteenth day of February, 1876, it was so filed without my knowledge or consent."

It was a good thing that Hubbard took it on himself to act. The application was filed in Washington on the morning of February 14. During the afternoon of the same day a rival inventor, Elisha Gray, filed his caveat which described the idea he intended to employ in making a telephone.

George Brown was not the only outstanding man who failed to see the potentialities of the telephone. Samuel L. Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, was given a chance to invest in it and declined. With the great humorist it was a case of many times bitten, finally shy.

The patent application which secured for Bell and his partners the rights to the telephone was drawn up by Bell in Brantford during the summer, which he dedicated also to regaining his health, to attempting to raise money, and to deciding whether he should concentrate on inventing or teaching.

Bell returned to Boston that autumn with that last decision apparently unresolved. Certainly he resumed his classes and continued to work with Watson in his attempts to make his primitive apparatus produce something better than "voice-shaped undulations."

It was 1876, the year of the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, marking the hundredth anniversary of the nation, and his partners were eager for Bell to exhibit his invention to the tens of thousands of visitors who would flock to the huge fair.

Bell was stubborn. At first he said that he did not want his models displayed while they were still far from perfect. Then he took refuge behind the fact that the time for making entries had expired. Finally, he pointed out that the annual examinations of his pupils would begin the day after his exhibits would be judged, and he could not be in both places. But Mabel Hubbard, to whom he was now formally engaged, had a mind of her own. There was much determined debate and shaking of heads and perhaps a little stamping of feet in the house on Brattle Street. But the lady won. It was so late when she did that the electrical section was filled and the telephone (certainly the most monumental exhibit in all of those two hundred buildings) had to be placed in the Massachusetts Educational Section.

Many years later, when the inventor of the telephone could afford to smile over the stubbornness of his youth, Bell said: "I was not much alive to commercial matters. So I went to Philadelphia, growling all the time at this interruption."

As it turned out, the success of the exhibition's most spectacular exhibit owed something to the attention it received from the exhibition's most spectacular visitor — Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, the only monarch in the Americas. Dom

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Pedro was the very model of a modern constitutional monarch and was favorably known for the liberality of his views and the many enlightened things he had done for the people of his country.

He came to the Centennial with a large party, including his consort, Dona Thereza. Philadelphia welcomed him thunderously, with booming salvos of cannon and the skies lighted up with huge gas fixtures.

Dom Pedro was one of the judges of the Centennial's scientific exhibits, which had been set for Sunday, June 25, when the space would be free of noisy spectators. It was stiflingly hot and the young man from Scotland, who found such weather almost unbearable, stood in the aisle in the East Gallery beside the receiving set which Thomas Watson had arranged, with the transmitter on the other side of the building, mopping his

absentee teacher. Then he decided to do what he could to avert the disaster which loomed ahead for him. He informed the emperor that his exhibit was the next one and so would not be judged. It was necessary for him to leave the city that evening.

"Then," declared the democratic monarch, "we must have a look at it now."

He took the inventor's arm and walked briskly to where the humble little receiver stood at the end of a seemingly endless line of wire.

The other judges followed, without any

hint of interest or pleasure in the prospect. But the will of a ruler, especially one of such overpowering personality as the blondbearded emperor, was not to be gainsaid. — The telephone would be inspected after all.

Bell changed places with Willie Hubbard in order to speak himself into the transmitter, on the far side of the room. His voice had never been more resonant as he began on Hamlet's soliloquy.

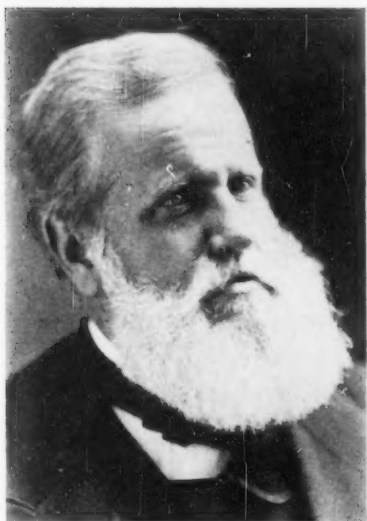
"To be or not to be — " he began. And then he paused, for he could see in the distance that Dom Pedro was press-

ing the membrane receiver to his ear and stroking his beard at the same time with a puzzled air.

He continued with the soliloquy, speaking the immortal words with all the emphasis the two earlier Alexanders had taught him. Then he reached a most appropriate line near the close,

*And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry*

He saw that Dom Pedro had straightened up. Had the current turned awry —



Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, was one of the first to see what Bell had done. He was an enthusiastic admirer.

brow in discomfort of body and mind. He could see that the judges, a group of most distinguished men, including Dom Pedro and the great Englishman Sir William Thomson (who played a big part in the laying of the Atlantic cable), were feeling as miserable as he was. They were carrying their tall silk hats in their hands and were vigorously applying silk handkerchiefs to their brows.

When they came far enough down the aisle for him to hear what was being said, he realized that they were going to stop before coming to his exhibit. They had stood as much of the heat as they could for one day. His heart sank, for he had to catch a train that night to get back to Boston in time for the examinations. Gardiner Hubbard had already gone and had left a nephew, William Hubbard, who was not much versed in science and could hardly be expected to present the telephone in a successful light the next day.

But the massive figure of the Brazilian monarch did not come to a halt with the rest of the judges. He had caught sight of the disconsolate Bell at the end of the aisle. Some few weeks before, he had visited Boston and had talked to the young Scot about his methods of teaching the deaf and the dumb. He walked on, holding out his hand.

"I think it is Mr. Bell," he said, in a voice which reached the other judges. "This is a far distance from your classes. How are the deaf-mutes of Boston?"

"They are very well," answered their

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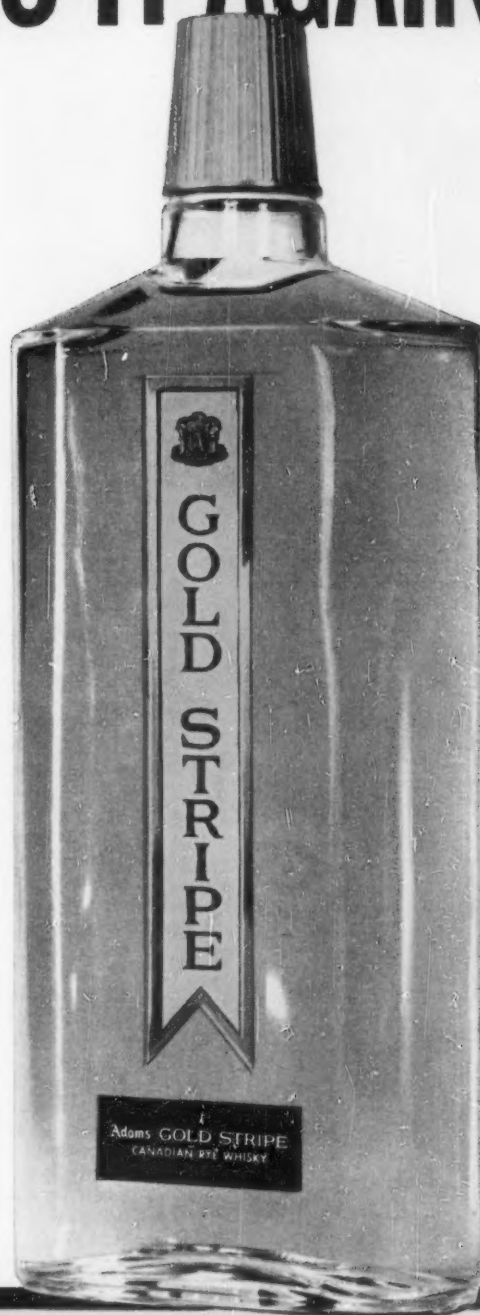
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would this enterprise of great moment prove a failure after all?

It was unfortunate for Graham Bell that he was not close at hand when the mercurial monarch raised himself to his full height and looked about him.

"A voice was speaking in my ear!" he cried.

It was clear to all about him that Dom Pedro was the most astonished man on the North American continent at that moment. One report has it that he dropped the receiver, exclaiming, "My God, it talks!" So carried away was he by this experience that the other judges evinced a desire to test the strange instrument also. Willie Hubbard waved an arm to Graham Bell to go on with the transmitting. Bell continued to speak, sometimes returning to the soliloquy, for he found the opening line a peculiarly fitting one. In everything he said, he took pains to enunciate with the greatest clarity. He could see that Sir William Thomson (who would win acclaim as Britain's leading scientist under the title of Lord Kelvin) had taken the receiver and was exhibiting as much surprise as the huge Dom Pedro. Others took a turn, including Professor Barker of the University of Pennsylvania

and Elisha Gray, one of Bell's competitors for honors in the electrical field. Then the whole group began to hurry across the building to the side where Bell was standing beside the transmitter. Apparently they wanted to see just what kind of magic he was invoking to create such an effect. Dom Pedro was in the lead, the tails of his formal coat flapping behind him and his beard bristling with excitement.

The explanation that the inventor gave was clear and concise and all of them, with the possible exception of the emperor, were so well grounded in electrical laws that they could understand. They all had heard a voice whispering in their ears. Although the words spoken had not been loud, they were reasonably clear and understandable. One doubt lingered in their minds. Was it anything more than a thread telegraph (it was sometimes called the Lovers' Telegraph), a device which transmitted sound along a wire mechanically? Would Bell be good enough to allow them to remove the apparatus to another location, where they could set it up for themselves? He said, "Yes," but that he could not remain to superintend the removal. He had to

return to Boston at once, he explained.

The removal was carried out in his absence and the result was the same. Words passed over the wire from transmitter to receiver and there was no doubt in the minds of any of the judges that the sounds they heard were produced by electricity. It was reported to the inventor, back in Boston and absorbed in the examinations, that Sir William Thomson was so excited that he and Lady Thomson kept changing places, one speaking and the other listening, both laughing like "a pair of delighted children."

In due course Alexander Graham Bell received the Centennial awards for both the multiple telegraph and the telephone.

Bell always said that the success of this display at the Centennial Exhibition was a matter of the greatest luck. By this he was not referring exclusively to the part played by Dom Pedro. He had in mind also how well the sounds came over the wire. They had never before behaved so well.

The sounds which spoke in the ear of an emperor were sufficiently clear to convince all the judges that one of nature's greatest secrets had been uncovered. ★

The violent chess player continued from page 29

"If there's one personality trait all quarterbacks have, it's confidence"

ment. Now, in keeping with the modern method, Duncan must prove he can take off when his vision is blurred by beef dressed in enemy shirts, or he'll not survive in this country.

The decline of the pure passer had its genesis in the arrival in Edmonton of Pop Ivy from Oklahoma in 1953. Ivy instituted a split-T offense that featured a deceptive, mobile quarterback, in this case Bernie Faloney, who now plays for the Hamilton Tiger-Cats. Winnipeg's Blue Bombers caught up to Ivy after nearly four seasons of frustration with a multipurpose quarterback of their own, Kenny Ploen, a destructive runner and competent passer. Then the coach, Bud Grant, gave a trial to Jim Van Pelt in the fall of 1958 and his calm poise and leadership qualities earned him the job over Ploen. When Van Pelt, after guiding the Bombers to the Grey Cup that year, incurred a shoulder separation before the playoffs last fall, Ploen ran and passed in the accepted manner for another Grey Cup victory. He stayed on as the regular quarterback this fall when Van Pelt went off to the army.

The east, apparently a slow learner, finally got the message halfway through 1959 when Frank Clair, the Ottawa coach, deposed Frank Tripucka as his No. 1 quarterback. Clair had brought this former Notre Dame player from Regina where, as a pure passer, he'd outlived his usefulness in the alert Western Conference. With Tripucka throwing right and left, the Ottawas accumulated five straight defeats. Clair, at this point, turned his offense over to a pair of quarterbacks who had no compunctions about running with the ball, Russ Jackson, a remarkable young Canadian, and Babe Parilli, an experienced American. Ottawa won ten of its last eleven.

The lesson sunk in at Toronto, too, where the Argonauts, after four seasons in the cellar with an assortment of quarterbacks that included the world's fiercest poet, Ronnie Knox, hired a solemn veteran of ten NFL seasons, Tobin Rote, for

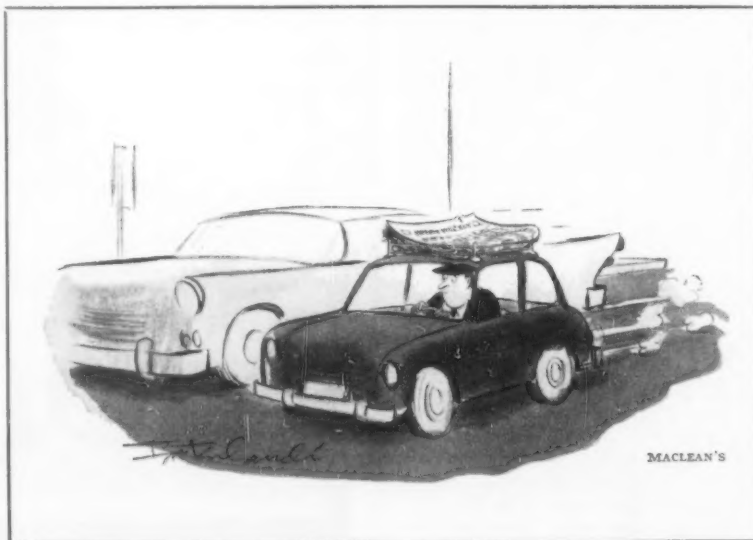
more than forty-five thousand dollars for two years. In the east, only the Montreal Alouettes have retained a comparatively stationary quarterback, the colorful, extremely popular Sam Etcheverry, one of the game's great passers. Etcheverry, who is in his ninth season, is a difficult man to dislodge.

The curious point about the Big Four's general reluctance to accept the evidence of the need for a mobile quarterback is that the league has been dominated since 1956 by Hamilton with the varied weapons of Bernie Faloney — from Edmonton's 1954 champions. Unable to beat 'em, they've been a long time joining 'em. As further evidence that the days of the pure passer were numbered, there have been five western Grey Cup victories in the last six years, with the diversified talents of Faloney, Parker, Van Pelt and Ploen setting the offensive key. Significantly, the only eastern victory since 1953 has been engineered by Hamilton's Faloney.

If there's a single personality trait that all quarterbacks have in common it's confidence, an abiding disregard for the possibility they'll make the wrong decision. Even though they're calling their plays in the high-tension atmosphere created by the roar of twenty-five thousand people, all of whom are ready to second-guess them publicly and vociferously, they do it with sharp precision and with a complete assurance.

"Hell, that's the quarterback's job," drawled Bobby Layne, a twelve-year NFL star who played an exhibition game in Toronto with the Pittsburgh Steelers this fall. "I don't think of it as Bobby Layne giving the orders; I simply think of it as the quarterback's job. Not that I'm the most qualified person, necessarily, but that I'm the person. A firm can't have three presidents, all talking at once, can it?"

The boos from twenty-five thousand throats rarely get through to the quarterback, the Argos' Rote says. "Everything



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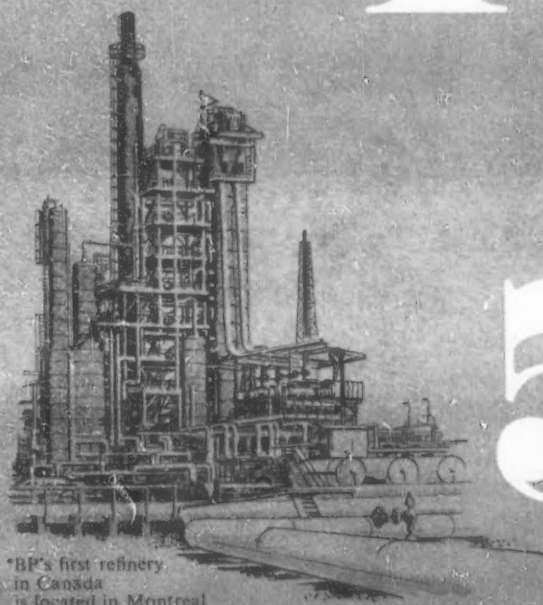


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is blocked from your mind except your concentration on the immediate situation on the field. Oh, when you come to the sideline after you've had a pass intercepted you hear them screaming, but very soon in your career you adopt the philosophy that those people screaming are paying your salary. The price of a ticket entitles them to scream."

Second-guessers don't bother the quarterback, Rote says. "The average fan doesn't know any more about the technical side of this game than I know about his business. Very few know the inside reason for a quarterback's call."

Throughout the season quarterbacks think of little except next week's game. Bobby Layne has the theory that if he thinks about his pass patterns enough through the week, they'll just happen as a matter of reflex on Pittsburgh's Sunday dates.

"I'm a daydreamer," says Layne. "I'll be driving along in my car or sitting with my wife in a movie, and really all my mind is seeing is my ends or backs going down the field making their cuts, and me throwing that ball to the spot where they're going to be when it comes down."

Even after twelve years it's this way?

"Yes it is," he says. "I guess it's a matter of pride in your work, although I think we are written up entirely too much. We're over-praised when the team wins and we're over-criticized when we lose. There never was a quarterback better than the line blocking for him, and a lot of those ends make catches that a quarterback feels a little sheepish about taking any credit for."

Both Layne and Rote, once teammates with the Detroit Lions, are concerned about the kind of press they get—largely because they both have growing sons, of whom they're immensely proud. Layne, whose nightlife activities have been widely publicized, says, "I'm in the open, and it gets exaggerated; I don't sneak anything I do, and a few years ago I didn't care what they wrote—I knew what was right and what wasn't. But now my two boys read it, and it's not fair to the kids."

Rote, scalded by the Detroit press last year, feels the same way for Tobin junior, who is nine.

"Tobin used to like all sports but now he dislikes football," says Rote. "He came home from school one day very upset because another little boy said that his daddy had read in the paper that Tobin's daddy was to blame because the Lions lost. I think you can say that too many sportswriters go on hearsay when they write their stories. Last year in Detroit I'd read the papers and find that the coaches placed the blame on everyone else—the offensive line, or the defensive line, or the quarterback. I remember one reporter asking me some questions at the start of the season about our prospects. I said my shoulder felt fine, that our offense looked pretty good and that all in all I thought we had a real fine club. Next day the headline said, 'Rote Calls Lions to Win Title.' Our club had traded away too many experienced players from our '57 championship team for me even to think that."

Rote and the youthful Russ Jackson at Ottawa are examples of the two extremes of this year's crop of quarterbacks on Canada's nine professional clubs. Rote is a black-browed, cold-eyed, calculating performer who, as a ten-year professional veteran, wanted a two-year contract from general manager Lew Hayman of the Argonauts. With complicated reservations, he got it.

Jackson is his antithesis, a young man with the towed glow of a high-school

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swimming captain. Jackson was named Canada's outstanding athlete of 1959, easily outpointing the runner-up, the golfer Stan Leonard. He was voted the best native in Canadian football, too, and he won the Jeff Russel Memorial Trophy as the most valuable player to his team in the Big Four. Where Rote is walking down from the pedestal of athletic pre-eminence, Jackson is racing up it. Where Rote, at thirty-two, wanted as long a term in his contract as he could get, Jackson, at twenty-three, insisted on a one-year contract. For Rote, this may be the last time

he negotiates a football contract. For Jackson, it's merely the beginning.

On the field their styles are similar, though Rote is a more commanding figure. His two hundred and fifteen pounds are so well proportioned that he seems almost slight, even at six foot three. He can throw hard and he is a damaging runner. Jackson, six foot one and a hundred and ninety pounds, is what Hamilton coach Jim Trimble describes as "the first approach to a true Canadian quarterback, the first Canadian at that position of genuine all-star calibre."

"Jackson's greatest asset is his ability to lead the other players," Trimble says. "He walks into those huddles and nobody second-guesses him. Not even an all-star import like Kaye Vaughan, who has ten years' more experience."

Rote says the quarterback can abide no voice but his own in the huddles. "It's hard to get the play off in the twenty seconds allowed, even with no backtalk," he says. "Players make suggestions on the way to the huddles after a play. Your end, for example, will tell you that a defensive halfback is not playing him

tight. Sometimes the coach will send in something that he and the spotters think will work. A couple of years ago George Wilson, the Detroit coach, started calling all the plays from the bench, sending them in with a substitute, as Paul Brown does at Cleveland. But it didn't pan out for us. We dropped it. I don't think anyone knows better than the quarterback what's going on on the field."

Accordingly, great pressures are exerted on the quarterback trying to pick the right play at the right time. Obviously, he's not always successful. In last year's Grey Cup game, for example, the Winnipeg line and linebackers were giving Hamilton quarterback Bernie Faloney no peace. Once, with second down and twenty-three yards to go, Faloney gave the ball to Gerry McDougall for a crack at tackle that netted two yards and, of course, compelled the Tiger-Cats to kick on third and twenty-one.

As Faloney walked to the Hamilton bench his coach, Jim Trimble, recalls taking him by the arm.

"How in the name of hell did you expect to pick up twenty-three yards off-tackle?" he asked.

"Coach, so help me," said Faloney in exasperation, "those guys have been riding my tail on so many plays I was trying to think of the one they'd least expect."

Trimble is a great admirer of Faloney's for his all-round capability; and he also has high regard for Jackson's ability to call the right play at the right time.

"A quarterback must know the rhyme and the reason for his sequences," he says. "He must have clear in his mind what he's trying to accomplish. Etcheverry at Montreal is a real poker player but, with all respect to Sam, he'll often make the right move out of ignorance. Jackson will do it intellectually."

\$1,000 between winning and losing

Once, against Hamilton last season, Jackson came up to third down with a yard to go to the goal-line. He faked the ball to Dave Thelan, the fullback who, Trimble admitted later, the Tiger-Cats thought would carry the ball in that tough situation. Hamilton jammed up Thelan, all right, but Jackson kept the ball after his fake, waited for Thelan to pile past him, and then swept around the end and went in without a glove on him.

"It's a guessing game," says Jackson. "If they'd been expecting the sneak we'd have been dead."

Rote had a similar experience against Cleveland in the NFL final of 1957. It was 7 to 7 when the Lions came up for fourth down early in the game. The Browns, and most of the people in the ball park, were expecting a field goal, and they employed a nine-man line to try to block it.

There is a difference of about a thousand dollars a man between winning and losing the championship game, and Rote thought of this as he walked to the huddle.

"It's our money, boys," he grinned to the players. "You want to gamble?"

They wanted to gamble.

"Let's try the fake field goal," said Rote.

They lined up in field-goal formation with the kicker back and Rote kneeling in front of him to take the pass from centre. The ball went down, the kicker advanced to boot it, and then Rote straightened suddenly, holding the ball and throwing it into the end zone where a Detroit receiver was all alone. The Lions went on to win 59 to 14.

A year later, aboard a bus carrying the Tiger-Cats to Toronto, Jim Trimble asked

"Darling, I'm so glad you phoned!

Yes, she's right beside me, sound asleep. Flying home Friday? Good, we'll meet you at the airport."



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Bernie Faloney if he'd ever worked a fake field-goal play.

"No," said Faloney, "but I saw Tobin Rote pull it on television last year."

"Think about it," said Trimble.

That Sunday afternoon in Toronto the Argos were looking for a 34-yard field goal by Steve Oneschuk of Hamilton. Faloney straightened, threw the ball to an unguarded end, and wrapped up another in Hamilton's string of victories over Toronto.

How much of this is chess? Jackson, for his part, isn't sure. He was a brilliant student at McMaster University in his native Hamilton but he doesn't feel his intellectual capacity contributes greatly to his success in his game. "It's a football mind you have out there," he says simply.

Jackson won an honor science degree and was asked to stand as McMaster's nominee for a Rhodes scholarship. He gave lengthy consideration to the opportunity before declining to stand.

"I'd always wanted to play professional sports," he says now. "The idea of spending two or three years in England had less appeal when I considered that it probably would have ended that ambition. I feel now that if I want to further my education I can do it here or in the States. Instead I took a year at the Ontario College of Education because, really by a process of elimination, I decided I'd like to teach. I've always liked working with kids and I can do that now, teaching mathematics in high school."

People watching Jackson rock through a line will be surprised to know that his parents wouldn't permit him to play football until his fourth year in Westdale Collegiate in Hamilton "because I was too small." In the year he turned sixteen, he grew eight inches and added nearly fifty pounds.

In his first season with Ottawa — the Rough Riders made him their first draft choice after Vancouver, the Argonauts and Calgary had passed him up — he was also taking his teacher's course at OCE. Coach Clair used to mail him new Rough Rider plays to study while he attended teaching college in Toronto. The team would run through the plays in Ottawa without him until the Thursday night practice when Jackson arrived by plane after four days in school.

The first night it happened. Clair was dubious about the method's efficacy.

"We'll try those new plays now, Russ," the studious Ottawa coach said morosely.

"Okay, coach, which one?"

Clair, standing behind the scrimmaging offense, told Jackson first one play, then the next, then the next, until he'd run through six.

"Son of a gun," recalls Clair in some wonderment, "the boy didn't make a mistake. One of our halfbacks, who'd been running through the plays all week, gummed up a couple but Russ didn't miss a step."

Rote has shown mental alacrity of another kind — in business he's president of Rote-Nordix Michigan Inc., manufacturers of multiple-duct lightweight concrete conduit in Detroit, and not many quarterbacks can match that. One of his reasons for coming to Canada is that he talked business with the Bell Telephone Company in Toronto. He learned that on the strength of a contract with Bell, he could expand his business to Toronto. And he got free of his Detroit contract — which permitted him to expand to Canada — by another piece of wily business.

This came about after he was traded to the Lions for four players by the Green Bay Packers in July of 1957. Rote had spent seven successful seasons with the

Packers. He went to Detroit right after signing a two-year contract for more than eighteen thousand dollars a year and two clauses that he regards as vital in a player's agreement with a professional club, a no-cut and a no-trade promise. These stipulated that, once the season started, the club could not release him without paying him in full, and could not trade him to another team.

Acquiring him before the season started, the Lions picked up these obligations when they made their trade with Green Bay. But when Rote negotiated his 1959

agreement with Edwin Anderson, the president and general manager of the Lions, he was refused the two clauses he sought. And he refused, shrewdly as it turned out, to sign without them. So he played the 1959 season without a contract, working out an option on his services from the preceding pact. Thus the Lions had no legal strings on his services for 1960 and when Anderson refused once more to yield on the two clauses, Rote was free to take his wares elsewhere.

Here then is the quarterback, the moti-

vating force in this game that has been called chess with violence. In such an analysis, most of the game's cerebral qualities must belong to the quarterback, whether it's the pressure-cooker desperation of a Bernie Faloney, the intuitive response of a Sam Etcheverry, the high intelligence of a Russ Jackson or the shrewd business sense of a Tobin Rote. If there's more to football than pushing and pulling it's because, behind all the knocking of heads, there's a quarterback lending direction — with high confidence. ★

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Mix juice of 1 lime
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sugar with 2 ounces
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ice cubes in tall glass,
fill with sparkling
water and stir. Pop in
lime slice and cherry.
Garnish with lemon
slice. Serve with straws.

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Mix juice of ½ lime,
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Label Rum and
2 scoops shaved ice.
Pour unstrained into
tall glass and top
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Delicious!

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Phrenology had all the answers continued from page 27

They sold vocational guidance, and even read heads by mail

Ernest Shackleton, Ignace Paderewski, Walt Whitman, W. E. Gladstone, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Horace Greeley were but a few other famous men who seriously sought direction from the phrenologist. At the beginning of this century there were forty-two phrenological magazines flourishing in North America, more than are now devoted to astrology and palmistry combined.

The practice of phrenology was based on the theory that beginning with the prenatal period and continuing to the pubertic, the brain was taking form. As its various convolutions were assuming permanent shape the skull was being formed into a parallel shape, conforming

with the upheavals taking place within—something like the earth's young crust forming into mountains and depressions according to the volcanic pressures that boiled and bubbled beneath.

Phrenology was systematized by a chart of the human head showing the areas of the brain that controlled each innate ability and trait of character. Under every bump on the outside surface was an underlying brain formation showing that particular quality to be strong; flat or slightly depressed areas indicated that the corresponding area of the brain was weak or devoid of the quality ascribed to it. The faculties were numbered; a chart looked something like

a fresh sheet for a number painting. The phrenologist's fingers roved over the head like a blind man's reading Braille, until all mental, moral and emotional qualities had been assessed. Besides interpreting the findings of this examination, phrenologists claimed to be able to read character by the general outlines of the head. A high, broad head meant good moral quality; a high, narrow head had these and firmness and hope thrown in. A squat head showed lack of conscientiousness; a receding brow, dullness and selfishness.

Young men went to phrenologists for guidance in choosing their life's work. Astute businessmen used the phrenolo-

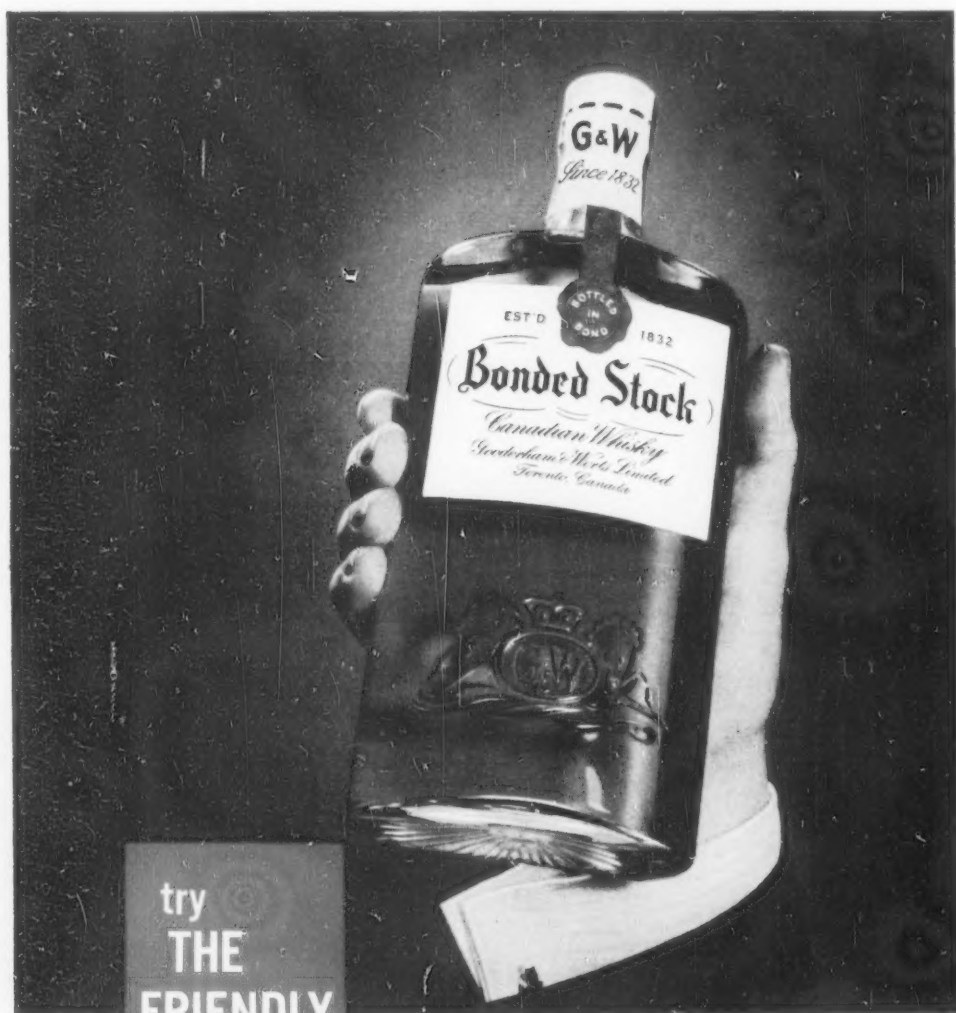
gists' help in selecting employees. In Toronto the Sheldon School of Business Science taught phrenology, so that when its graduates rose to the boss class they would know how to judge the worth of job applicants. Square pegs sought out a phrenologist hoping that he would direct them to square holes. A few sincere practitioners may have called their shots as they saw them. Most of them dispensed a verbal soothing syrup, which probably accounts for the long popularity the cult enjoyed.

Professor William Seymour ran a brisk mail-order business by offering to give readings from photographs for a two-dollar fee. They poured into his office from all over rural Canada. It was a timid phrenologist who would hesitate to make a reading from a photograph, portrait, or even the live subject at a short distance. They were guided by the general outlines of the head and claimed to be able to spot many of the actual bumps if the subject was not too far away. When Reginald Birchall was being tried in Woodstock, Ontario, in 1890 for the murder of Fred Benwell—one of the classics in Canadian murder annals—more than a dozen phrenologists were hired by as many newspapers to write special articles on their appraisal of the prisoner's character. In the *Toronto News*, Francis Cavanagh said that Birchall showed a large bump of destructiveness but that he had an iron will, which would endure to the last. Birchall walked to the gallows without flinching.

W. G. Alexander, a dapper Montreal phrenologist with a thick brown beard and heavy wavy hair, didn't take his job quite as seriously as the others. Although he gave readings in his Dorchester Street studios, he spent most of his time on tour, giving lectures and demonstrations at one-night stands. His act opened with a bantering explanation of the phrenologist's art. Then he would call three or four of the town's leading citizens to the stage for a reading. He rattled off his analyses with interjections of broad humor and emphasis on his subjects' weak points, much to the delight of the audience. For a finale, Alexander would step to the footlights, wave his hand towards the now blushing captives, and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, after having read these well-known heads, if I were asked to choose one of them to go on an important mission, say to Ottawa, after careful consideration, I think . . . I would go myself." This always brought down the house as the disconcerted subjects stumbled off the stage.

Jesse Gant of Hamilton confined his practice to his own shop. Gant, a barber, became one of Canada's best-known kite fliers at a time when flying kites was quite a hobby. He added phrenology to his repertoire and fixed up a package deal for the customers, whereby they could have a shave, haircut and phrenological reading for a dollar . . . a bargain, since most phrenologists charged from a dollar to two dollars without the barbering.

Although these men and their hundreds of colleagues thought they were practising a new science, phrenological charts much like those of recent years were used by the Chinese as long ago as 500 BC. The father of modern phrenology was a Viennese doctor, Franz Josef Gall, a small, excitable, intense man who, late in the eighteenth century, became interested in the cranial structures of his patients. He thought there might be a connection between character and ability and the shape of the head. For many years Gall checked the known mental qualities of his pa-



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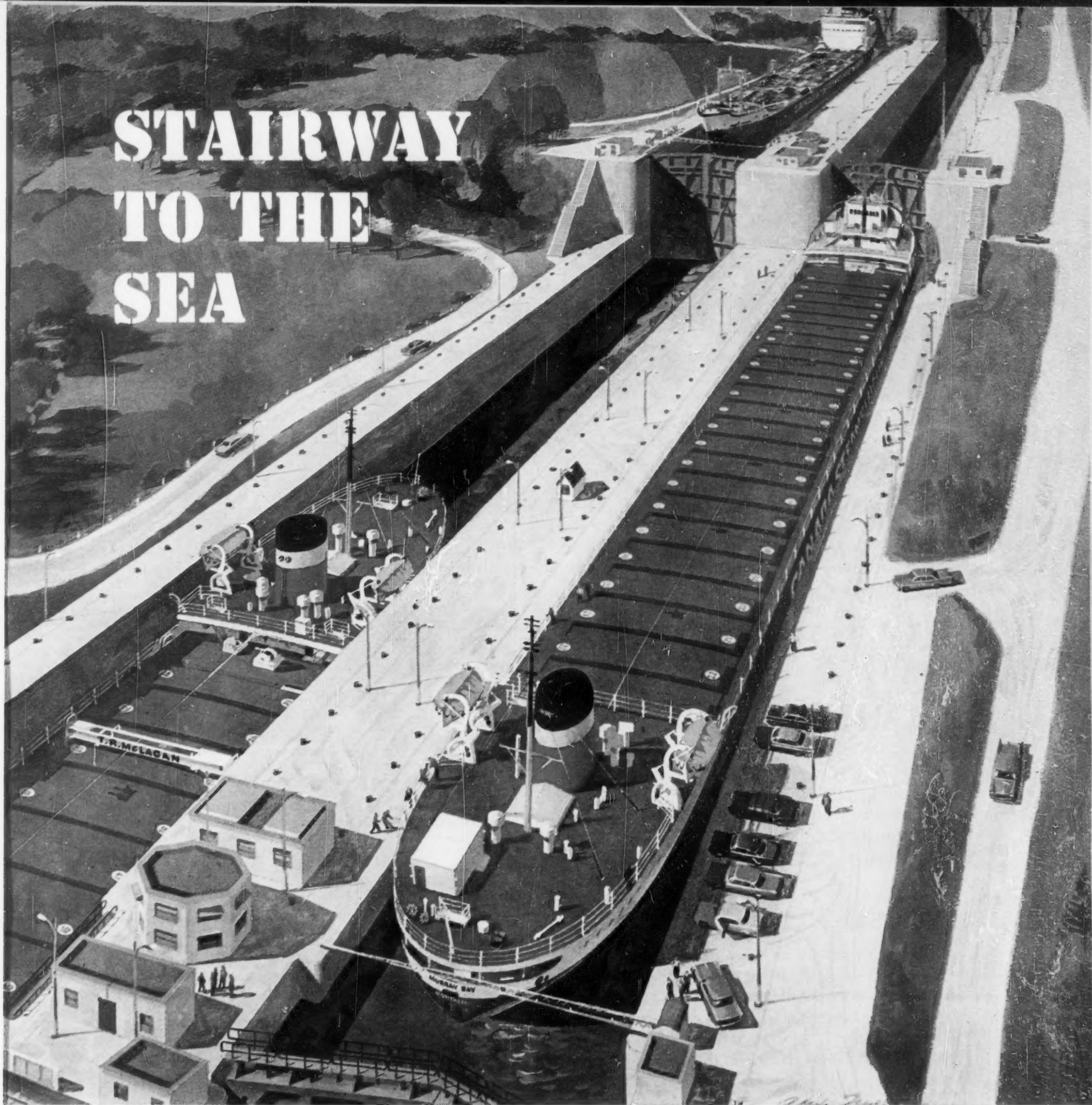
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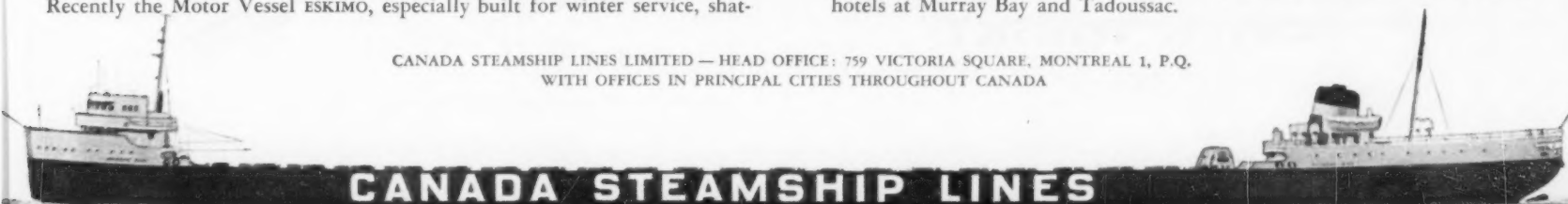
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tients against careful head measurements. A colleague, Dr. Johann Gaspar Spurzheim, joined Gall in his investigations, and by early in the nineteenth century they had made up charts and worked out a system of head reading.

Their theories were accepted almost without reservation by doctors everywhere, and the great phrenological boom was started. Gall and Spurzheim were learned and sincere men and they had the gift of being able to imbue others with their beliefs. Gall lectured in Europe and the United States. When he died in 1828 phrenology was an established science.

Spurzheim picked up the torch. He arrived in Boston in 1832 in time to give only one lecture before he died; but in the few weeks he spent in Boston he established phrenology not only as a science but also as something of a religion. Phrenology struck the world with an impact not to be equaled until the close of the century, when the theories of another Viennese doctor, Sigmund Freud, were to open a completely new study of the mind. Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard University, delivered the eulogy for Spurzheim and the members of the Boston Medical Academy attended the funeral in a body. Members of the new Boston Phrenological Society petitioned for and received special state legislation allowing them to exhume Spurzheim's body and remove the head so that the skull could be preserved for all mankind to gaze upon. When the society broke up in 1864 Spurzheim's skull was transferred to Harvard, where it remains.

Hard on Spurzheim's heels came the English phrenologist George Combe. Combe had chosen his wife, Cecilia Siddons, by phrenological test. She was beautiful, she had a dowry of fifteen thousand pounds, and when Combe found that her bump of Benevolence was well developed he didn't hesitate another moment. Combe's fame had preceded him to North America, and his reception in Boston in 1838 was wildly enthusiastic. All the city's leading medical men, Harvard faculty members, and members of the Phrenological Society were on the pier waiting for his ship. He was escorted to his hotel like a messiah. For two years his lectures and writings kept this continent stirred up like a camp meeting.

Combe tried hard to keep phrenology on the high level where Gall and Spurzheim had placed it. But as it turned more and more into a popular fad, and as new anatomical knowledge refuted many of its premises, the doctors and university men gradually abandoned it.

It became known that a spongy tissue, the diploe, lying between the tables of the skull, varied in thickness and thus caused irregularities in the outer shape of the head having no relation to the shape of the brain. It also became known that muscular crests on the parietal bones, or upper bones of the skull, vary in thickness and also cause perceptible irregularities that have nothing to do with the brain formation. Critics of phrenology became numerous and highly vocal. Dr. Thomas Sewall, of Washington, D.C., carried on a vituperative exchange in the newspapers with a Boston physician, Dr. Charles Caldwell, who championed phrenology. A typical exchange went like this:

Sewall: "The sight of a phrenologist reading a man's head looks like nothing so much as one monkey searching for fleas on another monkey's back."

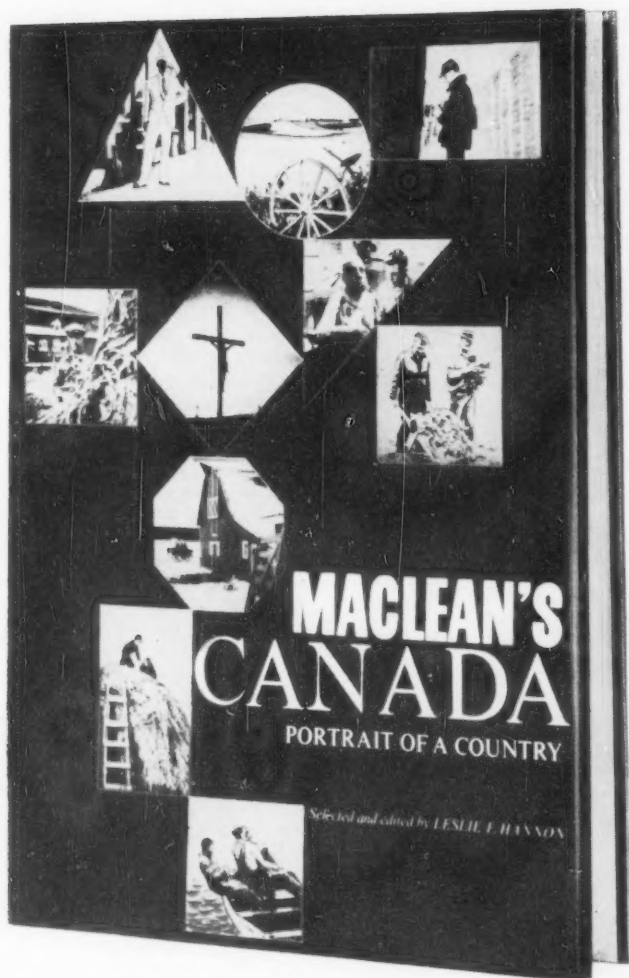
Caldwell: "Our stores of Christian charity would be ample to forgive Dr. Sewall his abysmal ignorance, if they were not completely drained away to those patients unfortunate enough to fall into his hands." In those days men did not rush to their lawyers to file suits for defamation and slander. They stood up and gave as good as they got.

Phrenology was escaping from the lecture hall to the midway tent. The phrenologist's chart was being unrolled by more and more pitchmen, and by the middle of the century a New Yorker, Orson Fowler, was the great apostle. His books were sold by the millions; his titles were almost beyond counting—Fowler on Phrenology, Fowler on Matrimony, Fowler on Character, Fowler on Ambition. They went on and on like the Rover Boys. When Fowler tired, his son-in-law, Samuel Wells, carried on until well into the twentieth century.

In 1900 there were nine professional phrenologists in Toronto and four in Montreal (French-speaking Canadians were not fascinated by phrenology). Ten years later there were five in Toronto and one in Montreal. By 1920 another Toronto practitioner had dropped out and when the Thirties started there were only two—and none in any other Canadian city. Cavanagh cut the number in Toronto in half by leaping from the Sherbourne Street bridge one September day in 1931.

Phrenology may be dead, along with most of the credulous ones whose lives were guided or misguided by it. But we shouldn't be over-scorful of them. The purveyors of personal improvement courses, authors of books on positive thinking and guides for shortcuts to popularity and riches are not lacking customers today. ★





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"Is it going to blow up?" Podolsky asked. "No," the co-pilot said. "It's burning too well"

causing him a good deal of pain. "Approaching that cockpit was the most gruesome experience I've ever had. I figured I'd have three bodies on my hands."

But he heard the sound of voices. It

turned out later that what he heard was Darke and the pilot having a brief, bizarre conversation as they came to inside a tangled mass of wreckage.

Darke said, "What happened?" The pilot answered, "You were in a plane crash."

The first thing Podolsky saw was the pilot sprawled amid a jumble of cargo, twisted aluminum tubes, seats and wreckage. The co-pilot was moving, trying to get himself out of the tangle. Darke had gone halfway through the roof of the

plane feet first, but, as the plane had turned upside down, he had come to actually sitting on the snow, with the upper part of his body inside the burning cabin, his stomach squeezed so that he could hardly breathe. The pilot lay with his legs in Darke's lap. A stream of hydraulic fluid from a broken line squirted over them. The wrecked plane was sending up so much heavy smoke that it was quite dark and it was intensely silent except for the sound of burning gasoline sizzling in the snow.

"Is it going to blow up?" Podolsky asked the co-pilot.

"No. It's burning too well."

The pilot couldn't move. The co-pilot, although he could stand up, was incapable of doing any lifting. Podolsky got the pilot to put his arms around his neck and managed to drag him out of the plane and lay him in the snow. He went back to the plane where the co-pilot had emptied one fire extinguisher and was emptying another into the flaming interior without any effect. Podolsky tried to get Darke out but couldn't free him. He tried to lever the plane with a length of two-by-four but was unable to shift the great weight. Darke, conscious of his efforts and the futility of the attempt, called to him with an air of finality: "Well, you'd better get away from here, George. This thing is going to explode."

His foot was completely loose

Podolsky kept working. In the meantime the co-pilot had found a bundle of five shovels that had been in the cargo. With one of these Podolsky was able to dig the snow out from beneath Darke and lower him out of the wreckage. When Darke had managed to walk to a safe distance from the plane, Podolsky went to the pilot who was in extreme pain. He cut off the pilot's boots, noticing that his foot was completely loose, and put him in one of the three sleeping bags that had been found. He then helped Darke and the co-pilot, both of whom were now feeling the effects of severe injuries, into their sleeping bags. All of them had their Arctic windproof nylon parkas except the pilot, whose parka had been burned. Podolsky now discovered that what he had thought was a fourth sleeping bag was a tent. He arranged himself in it between Darke and the co-pilot's sleeping bags and lay down to take stock.

The flaming wreck was like a splash of intense red and black paint on a wet sheet of white paper. There was no wind. It was incredibly silent. The temperature was about fifteen degrees and Podolsky knew that, although the sun wouldn't set, the temperature would drop at night. It was impossible to assess their injuries at the time, but both of Podolsky's ankles were dislocated and his left one was broken; Darke had a broken back, a torn tendon in one foot and a severely injured jaw; the pilot had a compound fracture of the right leg and a terrible four-inch gash in his face; the co-pilot had a broken back, a broken jaw and a broken hand. All were cut around the face and head.

When the cockpit of the plane had cooled enough for Podolsky to crawl inside it, he got the emergency radio and



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tried to locate the first-aid kit; it was needed urgently because the pilot was in great pain and the kit contained morphine. He was never able to find it. He did find the fourth sleeping bag. By now the pain in his feet was so great that he crawled back to the others on his hands and knees, took off his shoes and got into his own sleeping bag. It was about three-thirty in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 14.

Around six in the evening by Darke's wrist watch, the only watch that had survived the crash, Podolsky, sitting in his sleeping bag, got the emergency radio out of its heavy yellow canvas case, laid out all the bits and pieces and carefully studied the complicated instructions. With this type of radio, the operator straps it to his knees and, by turning a crank, automatically transmits an emergency signal. The instructions stated, however, that the radio required a hundred-and-seventy-five-foot vertical antenna. To lift the aerial aloft there was a box kite and two rubber balloons, which were to be inflated by a hydrogen generator that worked when thrown into sea water.

Littered throughout the plane's wreckage were food supplies and also cartons of emergency food rations, each containing a tin of meat, a tin of fruit, a piece of chocolate bar, a tin of canned heat, a couple of packages of matches and a small can opener. With the canned heat from one of these and an emptied fruit tin, Podolsky melted some snow and tried fresh water on the generator, but nothing happened. He tried his urine with no more success. In a futile gesture, he put the balloons to his mouth and inflated them with his breath which, of course, was useless as a means of lifting the aerial. He laid the aerial flat on the snow and cranked the transmitter. It was so stiff it would have been difficult to turn under ideal conditions. For Podolsky it became an exhausting task, without results. He gave up the idea of the radio for the time being.

After trying unsuccessfully to pull his boots on, he managed to get his tremendously swollen feet into the co-pilot's flight boots. Around eight o'clock he went on another tour. He had begun using the canvas cover of the radio as a kind of scooter, putting his left knee in it and pushing himself along with his right foot, or poling himself along with a shovel. He was beginning to wear tracks back and forth to the aircraft. He had lost his

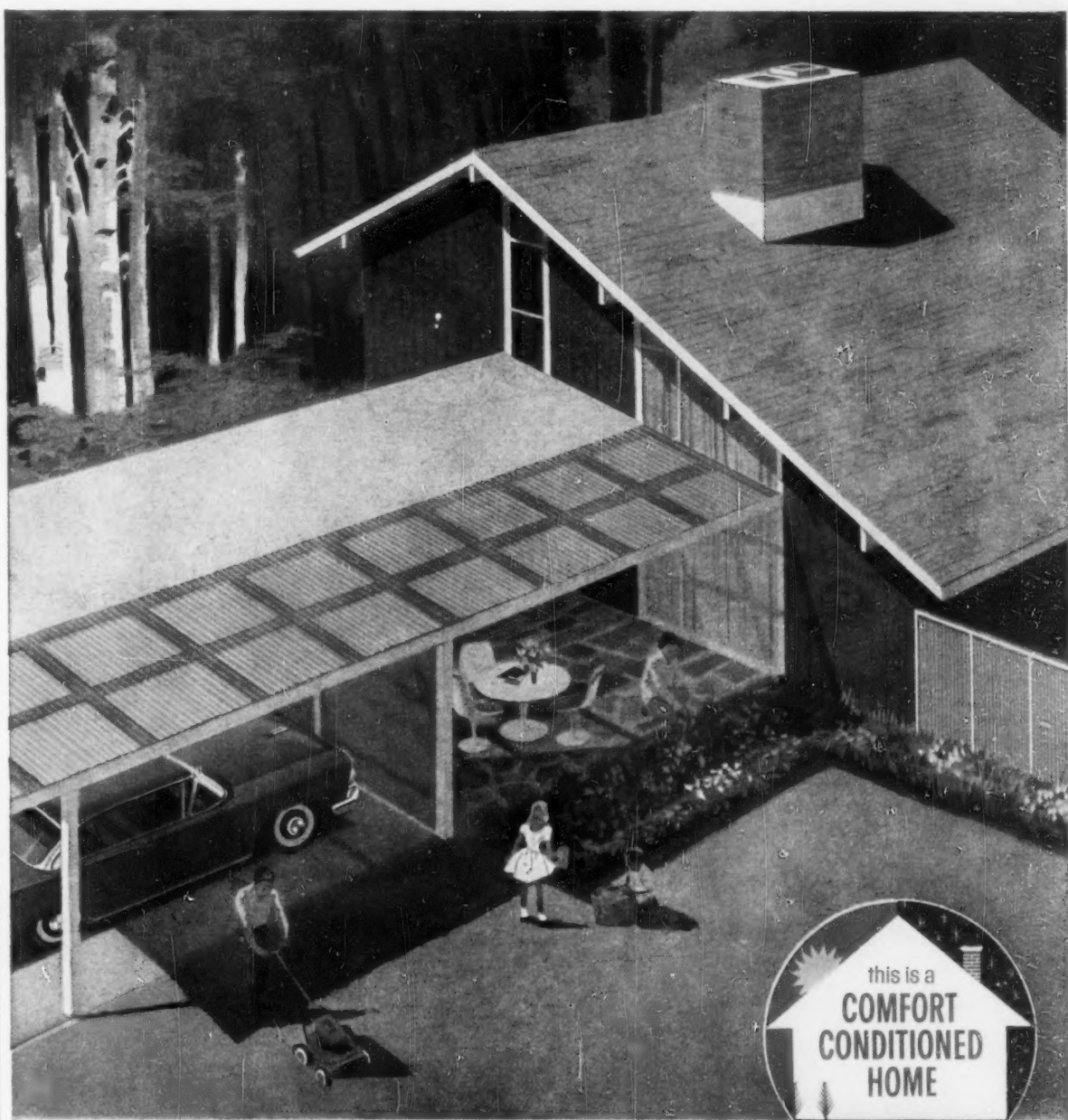
glasses in the crash, and a spare pair of prescription sunglasses in his shirt pocket had been smashed. It handicapped him seriously. Every time he wanted a clear look at anything he had to crawl within a few feet of it. Many times he worked himself laboriously toward what he thought was one of the emergency ration kits to find that it was a piece of two-by-four—which the kits, in their paraffin-impregnated paper covering, resembled. On this trip he left a couple of packages of emergency rations with the pilot, who lay about thirty feet from the others be-

cause Podolsky had been unable to drag him across the snow. The pilot was now sweating and bleeding so much inside his bag that Podolsky got the pilot's briefcase, took the charts and maps out of it and used them to stuff around his body. He straightened out the loose foot as well as he could and zippered the pilot in again.

They were all very thirsty and Podolsky melted tin after tin of snow. None of them slept. It remained broad daylight all night. Around five o'clock Thursday morning, Podolsky shook out from under

the light dusting of snow on the sleeping bags. He rounded up a tarpaulin and dragged it over to the pilot, who had a lighter sleeping bag than the others. Podolsky managed to wrap the tarpaulin around him.

The pilot was in good spirits, although in great pain. The inside of his bag was getting putrid from his wound. Podolsky and the others began to fear that he wouldn't last over Thursday night. The co-pilot couldn't move inside his sleeping bag. Darke, who lay on his left side, was so badly immobilized that he actually



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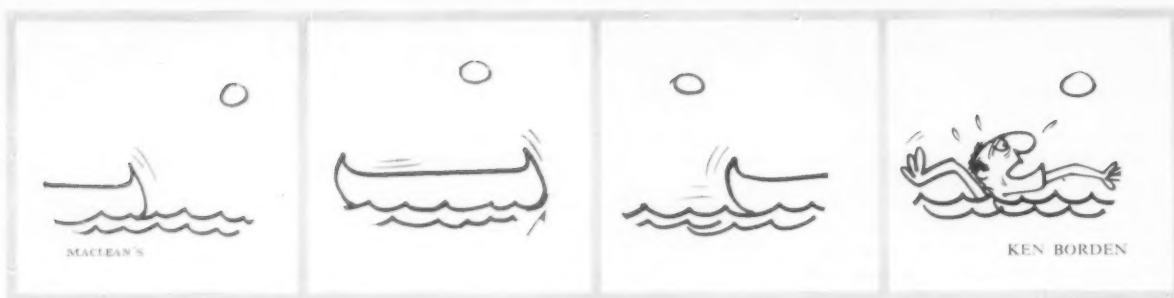
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didn't get a look at the wrecked plane until the third day.

Podolsky did a brief reconnaissance around the wreck, which was still smoldering. The plane had bounded something like a quarter of a mile from the first to second impact, where it lost a wing and an engine, then skidded for another quarter of a mile or more. When, months later, the crash site was visited, both propellers were found sitting formally side by side about two hundred feet away from the point of the first impact. Podolsky never did get around to the whole crash area. On this trip he discovered that the fire in the fuselage had heated up the big cast-iron cookstove until it had melted a six-foot hole in the snow beneath it.

One problem that had developed was that the heat from the men's bodies melted the snow beneath them. At first this contributed to their comfort, as the snow conformed to the shape of the body. But eventually the comfortable form became a trap in which it was impossible to move, one that kept buckling the body at a sharper and sharper angle. Podolsky, among his many administrations as nurse, was able to roll Darke and the co-pilot enough to pack new snow beneath them. Eventually, on one of his scouting trips, he salvaged some plywood and put that under the sleeping bags.

Podolsky got in the habit of going out on his improvised sleigh about once every six hours. It became a schedule. If he stayed outside the sleeping bag for long the cold began to penetrate to his body. But he felt the need to get out of the sleeping bag every now and then. Although the plane was no more than seventy feet away, he had to work himself along so laboriously over and around so many obstacles that to make a complete trip took at least half an hour. Yet it became a welcome change.

"It was very nice," he says. "It helped pass the time. I got to enjoy the trip. It reminded me of Robinson Crusoe, finding things and figuring out how we could use them."

The talk was of Florida

During the day they thought they were able to see the horizon and some cliffs of the bare red rock that in summer — i.e., August, when there are hardly any snow patches — makes this part of the Arctic look like the Arizona desert. They felt that the chances of being found were good. They didn't talk much, although there were spells of conversation. The co-pilot had spent a lot of time in Florida and Podolsky had worked in Cuba and they compared notes about the weather. There was a tendency to keep hearing planes. That night Podolsky found another tarpaulin and pulled it over the sleeping bags, which were stiff and frozen outside.

Friday started out a clearer day than any they'd had so far. Podolsky prepared a beacon fire of broken crates. But the weather got foggy as the day went on. Podolsky gave the pilot his sweater, took the old maps and papers out of the sleeping bag and cleaned it up a bit. His own feet weren't giving him much pain unless he tried to stand on them, but he was beginning to undergo uncontrollable fits of shaking every time he got back from one of his excursions. Talk was beginning to get a bit farfetched — about walking out if a plane didn't come. Finally Darke said, "I'm going to get out of this sleeping bag and walk around."

"You do and I'll poke you," Podolsky glowered furiously at him from his knees. Darke said, "Hell, you're too weak to do anything."

He lit a bonfire. But the pilot didn't see them, and the sound grew faint

He managed to stand up. The pilot looked over and laughed. "You're not going anywhere," he said. At that Point Darke fell, half on and half off his sleeping bag.

It was the last attempt Darke made to walk, and it was the closest the men came to quarreling.

"That was a help," Podolsky said calmly. "Now I'll be able to fix your bag up a lot better."

Around noon on Friday they heard a distant plane. Podolsky got the radio again and repeated the whole futile routine of trying to get it to work. He lit the bonfire. They listened to the plane for about half an hour, until they could no longer hear it.

Podolsky got back into his sleeping bag. Several times during the rest of Friday, the men speculated about their chances of being picked up. They felt sure that if it cleared they'd be found, but they were beginning to worry about getting medical attention, and how the rescue plane would manage to pick them up. Because they couldn't get a clear view of the terrain from their position, they had no idea, then, that the mountaintop was comparatively flat.

Friday night seemed the coldest so far; the temperature probably went below zero. By Saturday morning the weather had cleared.

Podolsky got more scrap together for another bonfire and began thinking over the things he should do to make a more comfortable camp. The weather stayed clear. At eight o'clock in the evening they heard another plane. The sound of the motor grew fainter and louder in rhythm and they knew the pilot was making a grid. Podolsky got out of his bag and lit the bonfire, crawled back to the wrecked plane and had worked his way back behind the tail to get some more wood for fuel when the plane appeared. Podolsky scurried to the bonfire on all fours. "I was really scampering," he says. The plane kept going away from them, following its regular pattern, made its turn, started back, then suddenly broke off its course and flew right over them, wagging its wings. It dropped some bundles. Podolsky spent three quarters of an hour getting to one of them. It contained a sleeping bag, emergency rations and flares and some cigarettes. The plane stayed for about two hours.

"We were sorry to see him go," Podolsky says.

About three o'clock Sunday morning a DC-3 appeared, made a couple of passes and left, leaving the men with gloomy thoughts that perhaps the weather had socked in again. But around four o'clock a single-engine ski-equipped de Havilland Otter made one pass over them, disappeared, flying low, and suddenly popped up, taxiing toward them, over the crown of Mount Podolsky. It stopped about three hundred feet away. The pilot, a doctor and an assistant got out and hurried toward them as if they wanted to get out right away.

The doctor shouted, "How many are there?"

"Four," Podolsky called.

"Which one's the worst?"

Podolsky pointed to the pilot.

"Let's get him first," the doctor told his assistant. He turned back to Podolsky. "How badly hurt are you? Do you want some morphine?"

Podolsky made it to the plane himself. The other three men were carried aboard on stretchers and given morphine. Po-

dolsky got a shot of whisky. They took off in the same direction as they'd landed. The rescue had been carried out quickly and efficiently. Podolsky looked out at Adams Sound, wolfed down a couple of sandwiches and a cup of coffee and experienced an intense feeling of elation that it was over.

"I was the only one not given a shot," he says. "I was on the grog."

The men were flown to Foxe Main and immediately transferred into a DC-4 ready for take-off and flown to Montreal where they were all taken to hospital. Darke was in a body cast for three months. Podolsky's ankle had started to calcify and he limped badly for a while. The pilot's wounds had been getting gangrenous and he was in bad shape for some time, but his leg was saved. The

co-pilot recovered. He was killed a year later while traveling as a passenger aboard a plane headed for Baffin.

Ken Darke and George Podolsky still see one another. They're close friends, close enough for Podolsky to get a certain deadpan pleasure out of needing Darke about his "incessant demands" for water on Baffin, which makes Darke explain intensely that the reason they seemed incessant was that Podolsky was a lot more beat than he'd let on, which rather sums up the way George Podolsky got his name on a mountain. ★



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"A drunk paid me \$120 for an \$11 run. I took it, because I knew if I didn't someone else would"

ordered me out of the cab I asked them not to leave me alone in the park. But they roared off into the night and suddenly it struck me how lucky I was to be rid of them. The five-mile walk I faced in the dark held no terrors for me after that. My cab was found within a few hours but the two hoods were never caught.

I drove the late night shift—from 9.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m.—for two years, even for quite a while after the holdup. I loved it. People who ride cabs in the morning and afternoon are usually on prosaic errands and are apt to behave prosaically. But the night people are happy and gay, unpredictable and uninhibited, and some of this spirit rubs off on the cab driver. And, let's be honest, that prime quarry of every hack jockey—the Big Tipper—is a nocturnal creature.

Nevertheless, I began to get jumpy on the night shift. Whenever a lone man flagged my cab and asked to be driven into the suburbs I'd wonder whether I'd be paid off in money or with a couple of slugs in the back of the neck. At times, as I drove a silent stranger through the night, even the tick of the meter would rasp my nerves.

About the time I'd reached this stage three women taxi drivers were brutally attacked, one right after the other, and one cab company asked the city to prohibit women from driving taxi at night. The city refused this request, but I de-

cided to play it safe. I changed to the 12.30 to 9.30 p.m. shift, which provides me with at least a glimpse of the night people and their world.

As women's wages go, the earnings of a taxi driver are better than average. I work an eight-hour day, six days a week, and I'm paid five dollars a day or forty-three percent of my day's take—whichever is the bigger amount. With tips I average about fifty dollars a week.

The first month I drove taxi I made fifteen hundred dollars and had visions of owning my own fleet of cabs—every cab a Rolls-Royce. I'd simply been lucky and struck it rich with a series of what we call live loads, although at the time I'd yet to hear the term.

A \$220 tip from one fare

The liveliest load of all was an executive of a Siamese shipping line who came to Vancouver aboard one of his company's ships. He hired my cab for six days, at twenty-four dollars a day, to make business calls and to sight-see. Every day he tipped me twenty dollars and, at the end of the week, gave me another hundred dollars and took me to a farewell party aboard ship. After the party I staggered down the gangplank loaded with gifts: a huge tapestry (later appraised at \$400), two smaller tapestries, a music box, jewelry, and half a case of apricot brandy. He was not only generous—he was also, I can assure the

cynics, in every way a real gentleman.

Most of our live loads are loaded, with money and liquor. More often than not they're loggers who, after being bushed for months, are out to paint the town, not red, but green.

One morning as I cruised on the Skid-road I was flagged by a man who looked so seedy I hesitated before picking him up. He was drunk and when he ordered me to drive to Port Moody, about thirteen miles from Vancouver, and back "just for the ride," I said, "You'd better pay me something on account." He pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off a twenty. During most of the trip he dozed, but several times he woke up and each time he peeled off another twenty. When he finally left my cab he slipped me one more twenty—the sixth—and asked, "Will that cover it?" The meter read eleven dollars and I'd been paid \$120.

I took his money without a qualm because I knew if I didn't someone else would. I never try to beat a fare for his money, but I do go on the theory that whenever a man starts throwing his money around there'll always be someone there to field it—and it might as well be a hard-working cab driver as anyone else. I know that the logger who flashed a thousand-dollar bill at me was rolled for it a few hours later. I read about it in the papers.

If it appears my ethics are in need of a retread, blame the people who have

taken me. No one in this life, not excepting the poor defenseless widow, is set upon by so many deadbeats, grifters, chiselers, and small-time con-men as is the taxi driver.

In my rookie days I was an easy mark. Take the case of the young swindler who went looking for a job in style—in my cab. He told me to take him on the rounds of the logging agencies where men are hired to work in the woods. After a couple of calls, I asked him, "Can you afford this way of looking for work?" To prove he could, he showed me a twenty-dollar bill. I drove on and, inevitably, it happened: at the seventh agency he slipped out a back door and stuck me with \$9.45 on the meter.

I've found it's hardly worth while to holler copper on a deadbeat. I did it once to a man, who, at the end of a five-dollar trip, stepped out of my cab, said, "Charge it!" and disappeared into the street crowd. The police caught him (he apparently was well known to them for this trick) and the magistrate gave him thirty days, with the option of paying my fare or serving an extra ten days. He took the ten days—and I was out not only my fare but also half a day's wages I'd lost by appearing in court.

A lot of people seem to regard cab drivers with suspicion. They might not tab us all as being downright dishonest, but, on the other hand, they don't have us all figured as Rover Scouts, either. And there is the impression, too, that



every cab driver has two lucrative sidelines: bootleg liquor and call girls.

Sure, cab drivers sometimes cut corners, but most of them are honest family men who have to work hard to make a living and who, quite apart from any moral considerations, wouldn't risk jail and disgrace, as well as loss of their livelihood, just to make a fast buck.

The fact that seventy-five percent of the cabs in Vancouver are owned by the men who drive them helps keep the business clean. A cab, with the license and goodwill that go with it, is worth about ten thousand dollars. A conviction for, say, bootlegging can cost a man his license—and wipe him out.

The cab business in Vancouver is strictly regulated by the police, the license department, and the Vehicles for Hire Board. Even the number of cabs is limited, to three hundred and sixty-three. Our meters are sealed and have to be checked by the city twice a year.

Every cab driver has to be fingerprinted and must hold a permit issued by the chief constable. The chief has wide discretionary powers in granting, refusing, or canceling a permit. As a rule one is issued only if the applicant has not been convicted of a criminal or serious traffic offense during the preceding five years. A conviction of either type will lose a driver his permit—and his job.

Now and then the police give a reformed criminal a break and grant him a permit. This happened last summer when the chief approved a man who, in 1950, robbed a Vancouver bank and, in making his getaway, kidnapped a taxi driver. He was caught and convicted chiefly on the evidence of an elderly woman. He got five years—and she got a reward. While he was in jail she befriended him and, on his release, took

him into her home. When she became ill he, in turn, looked after her. And he finally won his taxi permit on the strength of her character evidence.

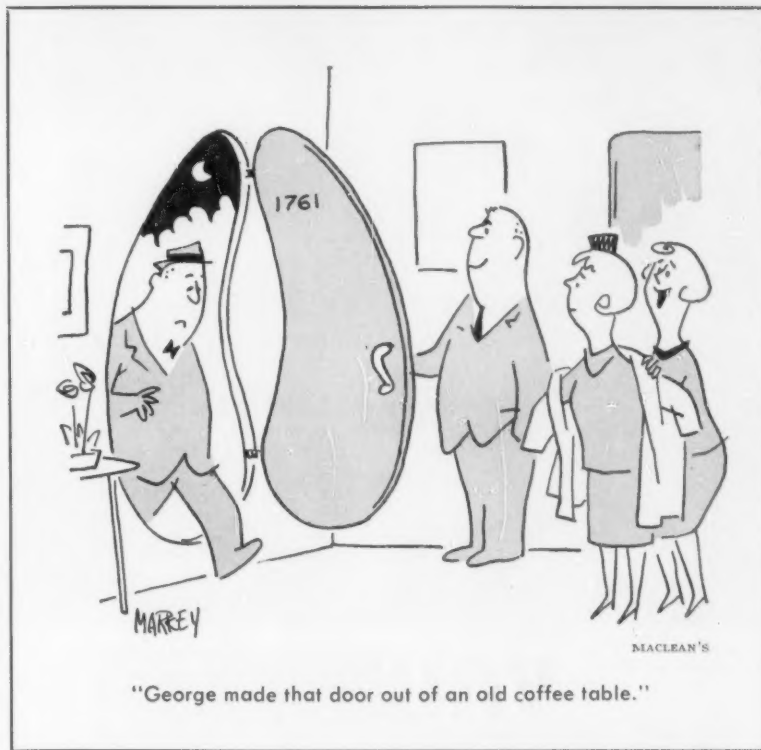
At the cost of being disloyal to my sex, I have to admit I prefer driving men to women. You'd be surprised how many women like to sit regally in the back seat and lord it over me as though I were their personal chauffeur. Men are usually more down-to-earth although some of them want to play the big shot, too.

I have one regular customer who has me cruise around until we've run the meter up to four or five dollars before we call on his girl friend. It's his way of impressing her. High on my hate parade is another kind of showoff: the fake tipper. To impress his friends, he fumbles in his pocket as though he's searching for a tip, but he doesn't even come up with a piece of lint.

I'm not easily impressed by anyone. When Guy Mitchell, the singer, left my cab after a recent trip, he said, "Well, now you can tell the girls you've driven Guy Mitchell." "Yes," I snapped back, "and you can tell the boys you were driven by Jan Robinson." He slammed the car door and stomped off in anger.

I'll bet that in any given period I cart around more drunks than the paddy-wagon does—and the worst of them are women. A woman scorned can't be half so hard to handle as a woman sloshed. For one thing, her language is often fouler than any man's. I once was lambasted with a purse when I objected to a woman's profanity. It happened at three in the morning, away in the sticks, and I retaliated by tossing her on the street and letting her walk home.

One drunk I'll never forget was a man I drove late one night to his home in a



"George made that door out of an old coffee table."

snooty residential district. On the way, he nibbled on a bottle of coke, spiked, I think, with rum. When we got there, he stood on the lawn and hurled the bottle through the picture window of his house. Why, I don't know. The cops came and hauled him off for disturbing the peace.

My worst knock against women is their tendency to haggle over the fare.

Some even ask me to turn the meter off while they skip into a store to shop. What's more, women are lousy tipplers. So, for that matter, are the wealthy and well-to-do. The best tipplers are working men — and, like all men, they'll tip a woman driver more than they would a man. Old people who are on social assistance and sometimes are provided with a cab, to go to a clinic or a doctor's

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	Two years later Susie arrives	Dad adds provision increasing life insurance by \$10,000 for next 15 years.	3.34
	After another two years family moves to new home	Provision added to pay off balance on \$13,000 mortgage if Dad dies.	4.31

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"Once, when a man belted his wife in my cab, I played a one-woman UN; she teed off on me"

office, invariably manage a small tip, perhaps a dime. I believe it's a way they have of preserving their dignity.

In my ten years of driving cab I've been given enough stuff to stock a small store, sometimes by people who couldn't pay their fare, but often by travelers from abroad who send me gifts when they return home. One man paid his fare with a radio and two frayed shirts, a woman gave me a sixty-five-dollar watch for a two-dollar ride, and an old-age pensioner paid me with empty beer bottles. Last summer I drove some Australians who promised to ship me a kangaroo — a live kangaroo — when they got home. Even if it arrives I won't top one driver I know who mentioned to a passenger that he was interested in flying — and was given a small plane.

My cab is frequently the battleground for the war of the sexes. I've learned never to butt in. Once, when a man belted his wife, I did try to act like a one-woman UN—and who do you think teed off on me? The wife.

Once a man jumped into my cab and barked, "Follow that cab!" It was just like the movies. He explained that his wife and the Other Man were in the taxi ahead. I kept on the tail of that cab until it finally stopped. The Other Man got out, strode back to my car, opened the door, hauled my passenger out, wallowed him, and told me to beat it. I did.

In the cab driver's box of crackerjack are three prizes he hopes he'll never draw: the route-planner, the woman who's racing the stork, and the man who's on the verge of missing his plane or train.

The route-planner is that skeptic who directs the driver block by block and all but says, "Don't take me on any merry-

go-round, Mac. I'm wise to that racket." Hardly ever is this bird the homing pigeon he thinks he is. Usually his sense of direction is appalling.

I don't want to go on record against Motherhood and I have no statistics to back this up, but it does seem to me that too many children are being born in taxicabs. One of the most nerve-shattering experiences I've ever had came when I rushed a woman in labor to hospital. It was a nip-and-tuck race but we won in a photo-finish. After it was over I slumped in my seat, lit a cigarette, and I didn't even care that I hadn't collected my fare.

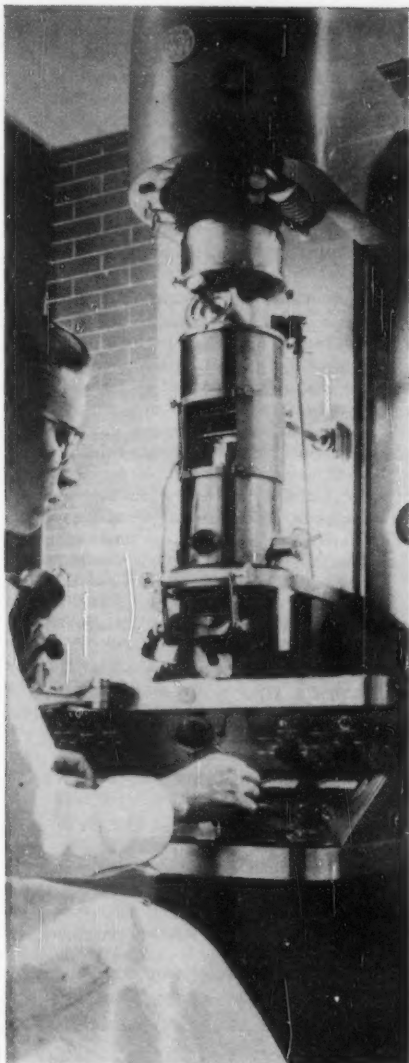
No cab driver minds hurrying to help a man catch a plane or train, but we do resent the guy who, just because he's late, expects us to make like Stirling Moss—and the tickets be damned. Early in my career I landed a passenger who promised to pay any fines if I got him to the airport in time to catch his plane. I made it but on the way I picked up a twenty-five-dollar speeding ticket. He refused to pay — "That's too high a fine for speeding," he said — and, instead, gave me my fare and five dollars.

Over the years I've collected my share of tickets, including one for an offense that I, the prosecutor, and the magistrate had never heard of. I got it for smoking while driving a passenger, a violation of the Vancouver taxi bylaw. The magistrate, after determining there was such an offense, fined me a dollar.

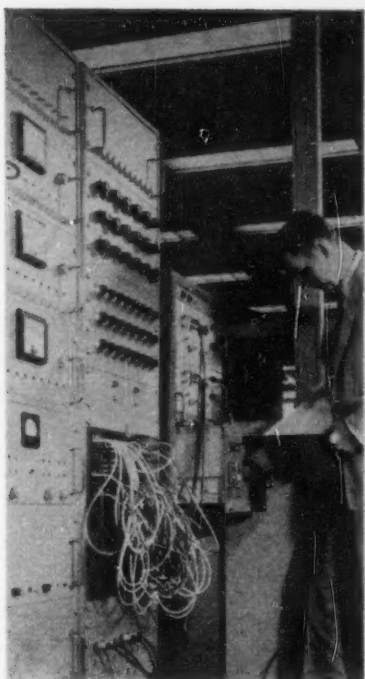
The story of my illicit smoke, and my picture, appeared on the front page of the next day's Vancouver Sun, which prompted a passenger to tip me a dollar and say, "I hope you'll go straight from now on."

I will. ★





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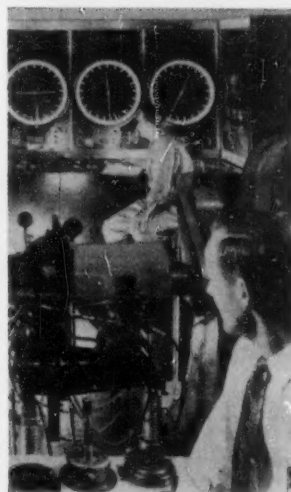


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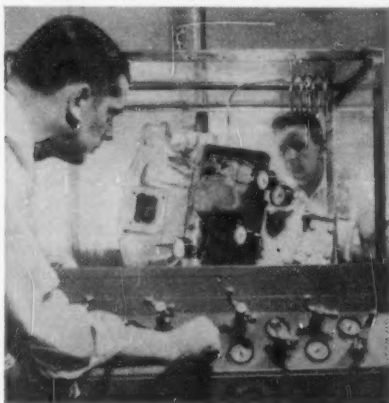


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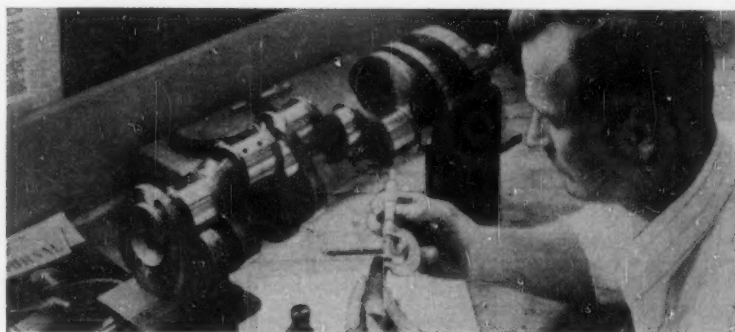
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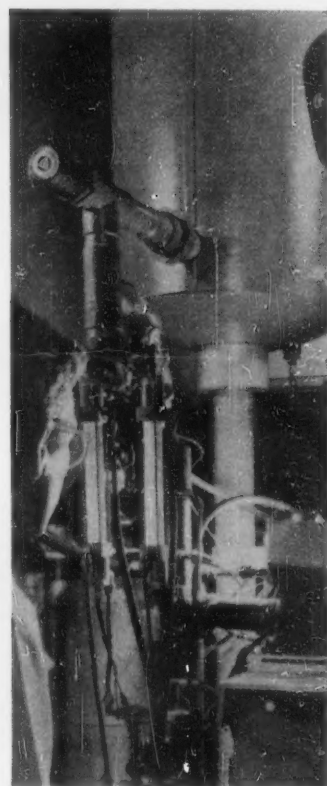
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Mailbag continued from page 4

✓ Why some youngsters can't become apprentices

✓ How state medicine disillusioned one doctor

How right she is — Mrs. Eileen Morris (Let's bring back child labor, Aug. 27). Our eldest son has left school and is now employed as a laborer in a garage. He realizes now he made a mistake and does not miss an opportunity to tell his younger brother to remain in school and work hard.

Laborer? Why not apprentice? He qualifies. The garage does not. Here is why: Under the apprenticeship scheme in Ontario, garages must employ five licensed mechanics before they may hire a lad to train as an apprentice. In the city of Ottawa there may be as many as eight establishments employing five licensed mechanics. This means that in the whole city only eight apprentices may be trained.

Why is there such a regulation? It may protect the customer from paying top prices for work done by untrained mechanics but it also makes it impossible to train and replace mechanics. Further, what is to happen to an apprentice who has partly completed his training [when] his employer is obliged to release one of his five licensed mechanics or is unable to replace one who has left? —CHAS. J. A. KELLY, OTTAWA.

✓ As an educator in the elementary and secondary schools of Ontario for the past 44 years, I heartily agree. —ARCHIE STOFFER, MINDEN, ONT.

✓ Mrs. Morris may send her children out to work, but I will keep mine home until they are old enough to work steadily. As one Canadian husband, I am becoming increasingly annoyed by some women who delight in imposing their untried theories on the Canadian public. —CECIL GUMMESON, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

Art fit for the furnace?

I wish to draw your attention to an apparent mistake in my copy of the August 13 issue. On page 17 of your article *The Surprising Red*, I note the in-



formation, "Paintings by Robert Bruce." However, there are no paintings—only a number of inept daubs probably salvaged from the wastebasket of some untalented kindergarten class. The same thing has happened with increasing frequency during the past year or so. I

particularly remember the ugly caricatures that accompanied *The Fraser*, and the acute embarrassment caused by most of the selections from *What B.C. Means to Nine of Its Best Artists* in a 1958 issue, which I had to burn hastily, before anyone else saw it.—NORMAN FOWLER, CLINTON, B.C.

✓ I know a young lady whose style is very similar to the illustrations to *The Surprising Red* and she might be useful to your art editor. She is six years old.—H. J. STREATER, OMEMEE, ONT.

Doctors and state medicine

Congratulations to Dr. Harry Paikin (A doctor's case for state medicine, Aug. 27). As an ex-panel patient under the British system I am in a position to debunk the theory that a doctor loses the all-important personal relationship with his or her patient under a state-run medical scheme.—MRS. PEGGY PARKES, HAMILTON, ONT.

✓ I heard all of Dr. Paikin's arguments before, in 1946, in England. Then, as a younger man, I enthusiastically welcomed them, publicly sponsored them. Five years ago, sick to death of the drudgery of socialized medicine, unable to cope decently with the floods of office and house calls that daily overwhelmed me, I moved to Canada. No better off financially, but free, I am once again a doctor, not a semi-civil servant.—DR. WILLIAM M. GIBSON, OKOTOKS, ALTA.

✓ Surely the present system for taking care of the health of the public cannot be too bad when life expectancy has doubled in a few years? One does not have to give detailed statistics regarding

typhoid fever, diphtheria, polio and many other diseases which were rampant a few years ago but now have disappeared entirely or been reduced in morbidity. —DR. F. B. BOWMAN, HAMILTON, ONT.

✓ It is exhilarating to know that at least one medical man is in tune with the twentieth century and not a social dinosaur like so many official spokesmen of medicine.—KENNETH GRIEVE, VANCOUVER.

Censorship and the courts

In your Backtalk column of July 16 re censorship, Arthur Hammond mentioned that a book banned in Montreal cannot be imported into any part of Canada. This seems a very unhealthy state of affairs when, in effect, French law is able to supersede British for the whole of Canada. It would seem that your magazine could do a public service by clarifying just what our censorship arrangements are in Canada at the present time and, in particular, how any one province can wield so much influence.—MRS. E. P. WINCH, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

French law has nothing to do with it. When a book is found obscene in any Canadian court, it is barred at the border by customs authorities.

Canadian-German clash

I was interested to read *The World War II Battle They Fought In Canada* (Aug. 13) as I had heard quite a bit about it from Germans. When, however, I asked Ottawa for information, in response to a request from a German periodical not unlike Maclean's in its function, the reply was that none of the likely departments had any record of such a battle!



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The German article appeared without our help, and completely allayed our misapprehensions. The battle was described as a classic example of sportsmanship in war. Great stress was laid on Canadian fairness in not taking advantage of our superior weapons. I met half a dozen Germans who had participated, and each was proud to retell the tale. I doubt if any incident has done more to give Canada a good reputation in Germany.—PEYTON LYON, LONDON, ONT.

✓ Terence Robertson's article was very interesting but I found that there was an error in geography when he placed Grizedale Hall in Northumberland. Grizedale Hall no longer exists but was located near Hawkshead in Lancashire.—V. E. THOMPSON, TORONTO.

The not-so-hot war

Ian Sclanders has obviously jumped to conclusions (Is the U.S. talking itself into hot war? July 30). We are not, as a people, assuming that a nuclear war is likely. We are not so brainwashed that we watch a succession of TV Communist villains. We spend most of our TV time fighting Indians, the bad guys of the Old West, and endless varieties of criminals, with relatively few Communists.

Here in Minneapolis the air-raid sirens are tested once each month and now are tied into our area tornado warning system. These tests are not alerts, and no one has become more familiar with bomb shelters than fire hydrants—I've never seen one.

Your writer seems to forget the peril in which England found herself before World War II—unprepared and relatively unarmed and ready to settle for "peace in our time." We maintain that that experience should have taught us a lesson. We know that bullies cannot be appealed to in terms of honor, justice, or human rights. We don't want war but are we to forget the lessons of history?—MRS. CLARK L. DWELLE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

✓ Sclanders would abridge Article I of the U.S. Bill of Rights which guarantees the rights of free speech and free press to U.S. citizens. He would deny to Americans the right to reply to the psychological warfare waged against them by the Soviet goons.—FRANK CUSAK, GOLDEN LAKE, ONT.

Quebec election morals

I Sold My Vote — Twenty Times by Cathie Breslin (Preview, Aug. 13) is shocking, not in the political facts reported, but in the way the article was made. Have writers, journalists and reporters a code of honor and ethics? Has Maclean's one too? What the author did is not honorable for us, editors and readers. What she deserves is the punishment of the law or the vengeance of the *pègre*.—JEAN LABRECQUE, CHARLESBOURG, QUE.

✓ Congratulations to Maclean's for having the courage to print such articles. It is like a breath of fresh air among a lot of tripe.—H. E. METKE, KELOWNA, B.C.

✓ ... a sad indictment of our election morals. The subject needed airing and she has done it in a manner which shows her to be a competent reporter and a courageous young woman. However, she states that for her help in ballot stuffing she received \$25 "with which I bought a new dress and had my hair done." If she had said, "which I subsequently remitted to the provincial treasurer," I, for

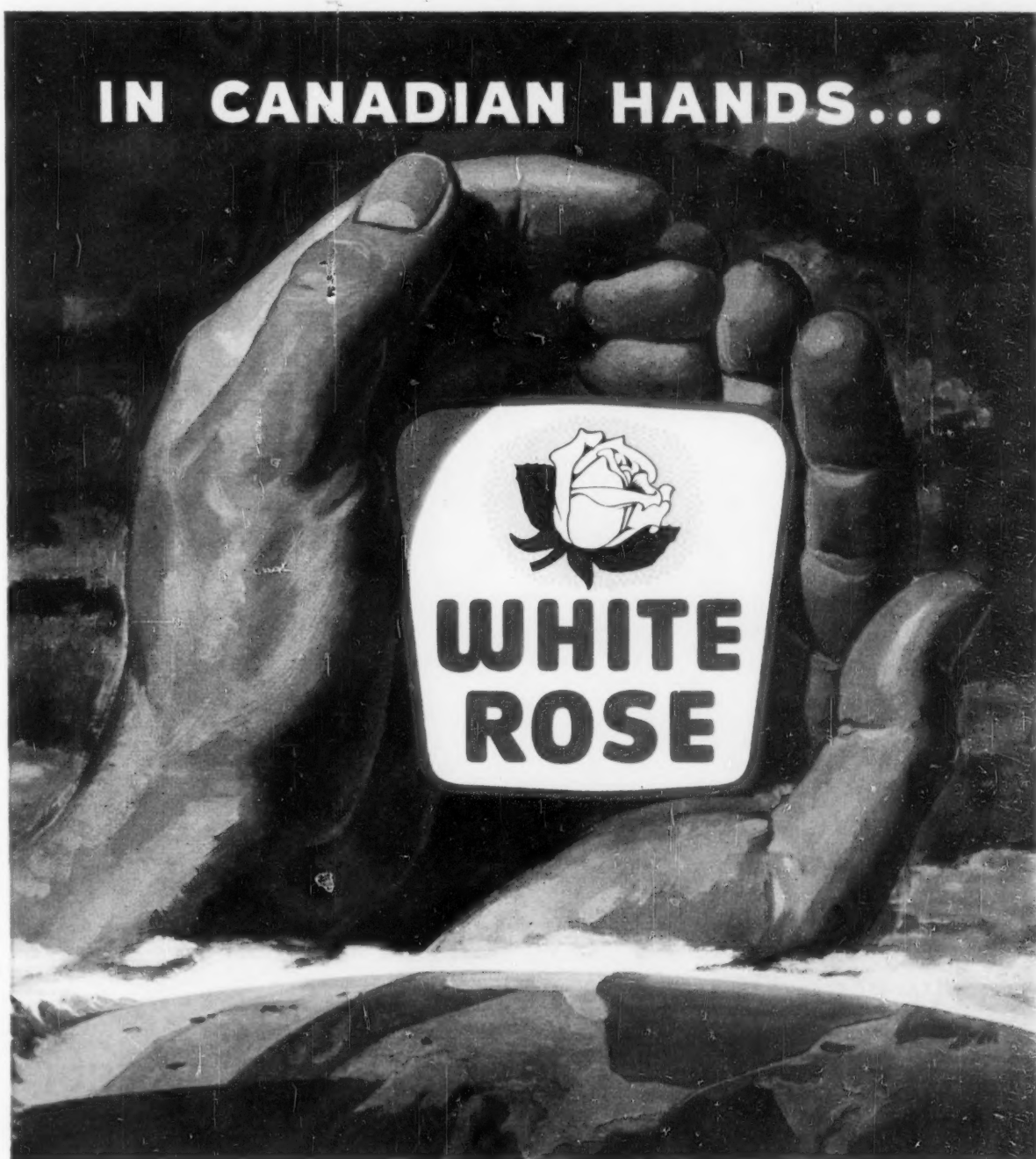
one, should have been more impressed with her integrity.—MRS. H. C. WINCH, COWANSVILLE, QUE.

Dogs: high life — or low life?

Re McKenzie Porter on purebred dogs in Canada (Dogs: their new, high life, Aug. 13), may I as a breeder and exhibitor this past ten or eleven years protest. I have never, and I mean *never*, soft-soaped a judge to place my dogs in the winners' circle. Also, if this dog business is such a fabulous paying prop-

osition may I please enter my name for Share the Wealth? As one who spends long hours working in the kennel, many nights sitting with whelping bitches, and attending numerous dog shows, I can assure you it is not all beer and skittles but hard work, and very often dirty work that a good many people would not attempt. I do not feel you have helped the progress of purebred dogs in Canada one little bit but rather made us all look a little foolish to the unknowing public.—MRS. SIDNEY R. TAYLOR, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

✓ After reading the article one must conclude that the owners of the dogs are just as much social snobs as they were sixty years ago when Thorstein Veblen wrote *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. According to Veblen, dogs were "items of conspicuous consumption." Apparently Veblen was not a maudlin lover of dogs for he wrote, "The dog has advantages in the way of uselessness... he is the filthiest of the domestic animals in his person and the nastiest in his habits."—LINN A. GALE, VICTORIA, B.C. ★



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For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"Why should Americans always be thinking about Canada? The U. S. is powerful; we're small"

ened as Canadians pretend they are. (Just a couple of weeks ago, a man who tried to sell me a lot in Haliburton said it was preferred property because there were no Jews on it—a real Jack Canuck in jackboots.) The truth is that Cana-

dians just aren't so wonderful that they can spend their time and energy giving advice to the States.

It's time Canadians got rid of the superstition that people become Canadians because they have a superior sense

of values, but are duped into becoming Americans by some process of propaganda. I'm getting used to someone rounding on me with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, during an otherwise enjoyable evening, and snapping:

"What happened? They brainwash you down there or something? What made you turn American?"

I'm not an American. I'm a Canadian. I've always been a Canadian. There's only one thing that could make me become an American—talking to Canadians. Every time I do, I feel warmer and warmer toward Americans, who never speak of Canadians except with the greatest courtesy and respect. Just before I left the South I got my forms stating that I was eligible for American citizenship. It was stressed that this was a purely voluntary act and that if I decided against applying for citizenship, it would in no way alter my status as a permanent resident of the United States. I dropped the forms in my wastebasket. I've never had any intention of becoming anything but a Canadian. But lately I've been wondering whether I emptied that wastebasket.

Something else I get, every place I go, is the bit about the American educational system being inferior to the Canadian educational system. I've got news for Canadians. My daughters have gone to a lot of schools in both Canada and the United States, and the amount of difference between educational systems on either side of the border—if such things as the size of the town and the prosperity of the region are equal—couldn't be detected by the Mount Palomar telescope (which American-educated scientists and technicians somehow botched together).

But scratch a Canadian and the chances are he'll say: "The American educational system is inferior to the Canadian educational system." The last time I heard this was from a very talkative Canadian TV repairman who, while he tested tubes on my rented set, told me that he had quit work early to go bowling, then dropped into a beverage room for a few beers, then had come home and watched an old western on TV and the wrestling from Detroit, which was when I'd interrupted him by my phone call. Before he left, he asked me, seriously, why I was content to bring up my kids in a land where the educational standards were so low. He said that he'd heard that American high schools required only two foreign languages instead of three! A few minutes before he had said that he thought "all DPs" should be forced to speak English. And as far as I could see, he didn't even need the one language he knew: he watched TV westerns all the time anyway, where everybody just says "Git," and "Nope," and "Draw."

Some Canadians agree with all this, look wise and tolerant and more reasonable than other Canadians, then say: "The only thing I have against Americans is that they're so ignorant of Canada."

This way they give the illusion of broadmindedness while retaining the same old national egomania. Why should Americans always be thinking about Canada? Canadians are getting like women who have to be told "I love you" every hour on the hour.

Why don't Americans know more about Canada? I'll tell you why Americans don't know more about Canada. Because the United States, whether Canadians like it or not, is a great, powerful, rich nation of a hundred and eighty million



Madame Jacques Langlois, of Ville St. Laurent, Quebec, with her fine, young family.

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people, and Canada is a small country of not quite eighteen million people. Canada is bound to know more about Americans than Americans know about Canada. It's deplorable, I know. It's deplorable that Torontonians think Ontario stops somewhere around Orillia except for a few trappers and mapmakers and a few Malamutes and the Pine Tree line. It's deplorable that everyone in Omemece, Ontario, knows where Ottawa is, but hardly anyone in Ottawa knows where Omemece is. But that's the way human beings are.

So many Canadians howl and slap their foreheads when some sodajerk from Walgreen's drugstore in San Diego doesn't know what the capital of New Brunswick is, or what TCA is, or where the St. Lawrence River is, that I think Canadian viewers would be disappointed if somebody gave the right answers. Yet how many Canadians know who the president of Mexico is, or what state Mexico City is in?

Who, for instance, is the governor of Alaska, which is right on our border? Where does the Colorado River empty? What state is the Grand Canyon in? Where does Braniff Airways operate? And Braniff is one of the big carriers in the United States.

The last Canadian I threw these ques-

SPORTSCASTS

YOU HARDLY EVER HEAR

Hello again, sport fans. Our guest tonight — another gridiron star — the veteran Milton Culpepper. Tell our viewers what you do, Mr. Culpepper.

I pull down the goalposts after the games, Steve.

He's not telling the whole story, fans. Actually, this big fellow has been pulling those posts exactly twenty-five years this month! How did it all begin?

It was my eighteenth birthday, Steve. Hamilton's playing Winnipeg for the Cup. I'm down on the sidelines watching my old man get ready to go out on the field . . .

Your dad taught you everything you know?

You might say he taught me everything I know. He was one of the greats. Pulled 590 posts and 181 cross-bars in his day — well, anyway, he's warming up this afternoon and all of a sudden he says "Son, you're going in to pull for me today."

How about that!

For a minute I kind of choke up, Steve. Then the gun goes and it's all right. I'm out there in the end zone, I take a short hold and a long swing and I get my first post . . . I pull every Cup game since then, and a league game every week. I pull 275 posts in my time.

Mr. Culpepper, what's your advice to young Canadians who are entering this sport?

Like I tell my own kid last week when he pull his first game: live clean and play dirty. You got to be ready to kick your opponents off those posts every Saturday, regardless of age or sex.

Would you say, then, that this is a rough competitive sport?

I'd call it a rough competitive sport. Take last year — middle-age woman from Ottawa jumps on my instep — she's wearing cleats — I work the rest of the season in a cast.

One last question: what about retirement?

The old man pulled until he was 63, Steve, so I figure I have another twenty good seasons in me. You might say I'll be right back there pulling for your fans next year.

ROBERT COLLINS



Now! See for yourself if your spark plugs are wasting power and gas!

New Champion "Plug-Scope" checks your spark plugs right in the engine — reveals their condition on a miniature TV screen . . . all in a few minutes!

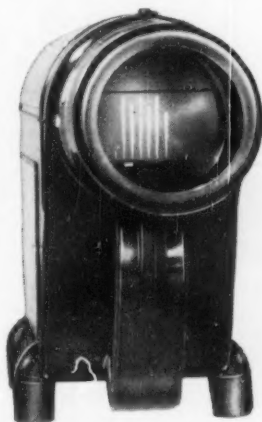
Worn spark plugs fail to ignite the gas you paid good money for. They cause misfiring that makes starting difficult, pickup sluggish and gives poor performance all around.

Yet, up to now, there was no quick, easy way to check for worn spark plugs right in the engine.

Today, the Champion "Plug-Scope" changes all that. This new portable, electronic spark plug tester will check a whole set of plugs in about the same time as it takes to clean your windshield . . . without removing a single plug! And you can see the results with your own eyes.

This electronic "Plug-Scope" test costs you nothing. Yet it can save you dollars on your gas bill, and trouble on the road.

The very next time you stop in to see your serviceman, ask him for a free electronic spark plug test with the Champion "Plug-Scope". And for full power and economy all the time, get a "Plug-Scope" check regularly.

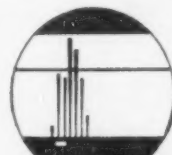


Here's the picture

Here's what you see when you look into the business end of a Champion "Plug-Scope". Those bright, vertical lines are called "traces", and there's one for each cylinder in your engine. If the traces go above the horizontal red warning line, your plugs need attention. If the traces stay below the line, your plugs are all right. It's as simple as that.



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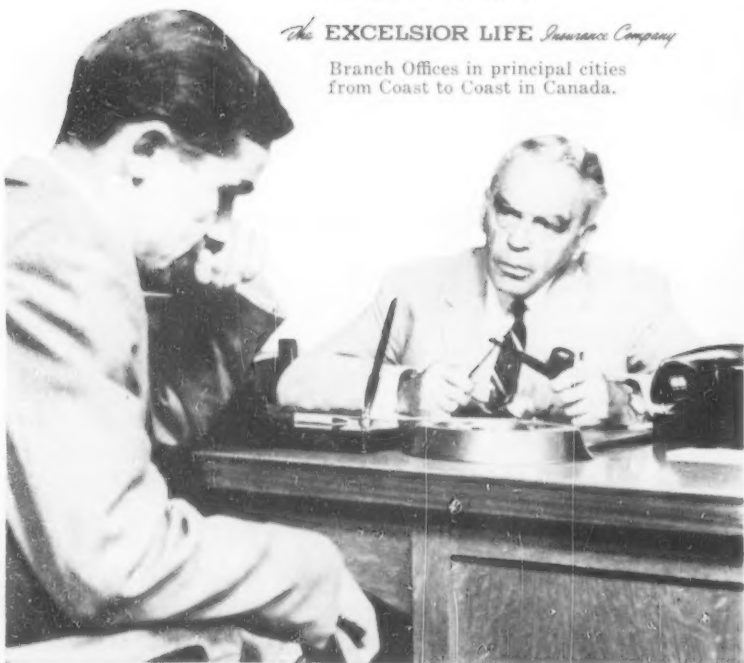
... there are real emergencies where he is forced to borrow money—yet often they occur when his assets are poor collateral.

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tions at couldn't answer one of them, but he smiled with tolerant amusement at the idea of Canada's being compared with Mexico.

A lot of Canadian folk tales about the ignorance of Americans are really illustrations of the ignorance of Canadians. The other day a man I know told me of a case he knew about. It seems some Florida schoolchildren had asked a Canadian youngster who joined their class to "speak some Canadian."

"How can you stand living amid all that bigotry and narrowness? Doesn't it bother you?" he snarled, glaring in the direction of the longest peaceful border in the world.

Actually, what the Florida kids meant was, "Let's hear you talk the kind of French they talk in Canada." There are thousands of French Canadians in Florida every winter. The request of the Florida children was absurd only to someone like my friend, who—like most other people from Ontario — thinks all Canadians speak English.

Most Canadians who run down the States don't know what they're talking about. They've made one trip to New York, or Washington, or Buffalo, or Detroit. They've had some waiter in an Eighth Avenue dump look suspiciously at a Canadian twelve-sided nickel (and who can blame him?) or heard a cracker from the Okefenokee swamp ask what a Canadian lieutenant-governor does, and they've formed a lifetime, working, live-and-kicking opinion of 180,000,000 people of every conceivable educational and cultural background.

The Canadian feels that his attitude toward the United States reflects a wholesome refusal to yield to decadence; a sound sense of values; a grasp of a better way of life, connected in some vague to vulgar innovation and brash new-comeritis. It's nothing of the kind, of course. It's pure prejudice, and has nothing to do with reason or reality. It makes no more sense than the argument of one Canadian who told me that what he disliked about the United States was its commercialism and materialism, while sitting

on one of those power mowers that you ride around the lawn on. Counting his two cars, this made three vehicles in a family of four.

It not only doesn't make sense; it's becoming more and more monotonous, boring, dull and unbecoming. Not that there aren't great shortcomings in American life. Millions of Americans are aware of them. But the Canadians who are always pointing them out aren't even mildly interested in ways of life or history or sociology. They are people who are looking for a quick, effortless way to national identity. In an age capable of producing such books as *PHYSICS WITHOUT MATHEMATICS* and *CALCULUS MADE EASY*, they're looking for *HOW TO BECOME AN INSTANT CANADIAN* and they think they've found the answer: Hate the Americans.

But it won't work. There's more to being a Canadian than *not* being an American, and I hope the current Canadian attitude toward Americans is a fleeting form of fanaticism. My image of a Canadian has always been that of someone too big for this kind of yapping and carping. There are enough little countries in Europe now who hate the United States without Canada's joining the pack. Canadians by this time should have seen enough of Europe's transplanted feuds to start planting brand-new ones here in North America in the only remaining thoroughly peaceful (so far) part of the globe. There's no point in yelling "Go home, Yank." The Yanks are just as much at home here as Canadians, and I think it's time Canadians got back to living beside them as good neighbors, and good Canadians. ★

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The Welsh nationalists' leader is a shy, quiet-spoken farmer who raises tomatoes and children

scholarly, 47-year-old market-gardener, who raises tomatoes and children — he has seven — on a farm with a spectacular view in Carmarthenshire. Evans is about as far from a rabble-rouser as you can get. Quiet-spoken, almost shy, patently intellectual, he reflects the cultural origins of the party. Plaid Cymru claims about 130 supporters on Welsh local bodies — 250 if all the smaller parish councils are counted. Next spring, the party will make a major effort in the local elections with a total slate of 500 candidates.

Sitting in his home office, overlooking the best dairying country in Britain, Evans writes a stream of pamphlets explaining his cause, and keeps in touch with Welsh societies everywhere. He says there are 25,000 Welshmen in Toronto. There's also a strong group in Vancouver. Many overseas Welsh join an organization called CADW — the Committee to Aid in the Defense of Wales. (CADW also means "to maintain" or "to keep" in Welsh.) Evans recently toured the United States and Canada, and saw such well-known Canadian Welshmen as Leonard Brockington, the Rev. Emlyn Davies and McGill professor John Hughes. He describes his trip as a "contact tour" and not an attempt at international fund-raising.

As Evans puts it, the Plaid Cymru cause is simple indeed: Wales is a nation, therefore it has full right to the same kind of self-government within the Commonwealth as Canada and New Zealand. It proposes a customs union between the various segments of the United Kingdom and Ireland, its self-governing Celtic cousin. Passports would not be required within this area, and harmonious relations would presumably exist all round.

If all this is right and just (and that's a big if), why doesn't Westminster see the light? Plaid Cymru has a simple answer: England prefers to keep Wales for selfish exploitation, while offering surface acknowledgement of the right of the Welsh to have some say in their affairs. Profits from Welsh coal, slate, tinplate, steel and milk, say the nationalists, swell the English capitalists' coffers, and the lack of development of second-

ary industries has caused an even greater compulsory export: Welshmen.

According to Plaid Cymru, half a million Welshmen had to leave the country between the wars. The population of Wales is roughly the same today as it

was in 1921, while England's population has increased by nearly thirty percent in the same period. The docks at Cardiff today handle less traffic than they did a hundred years ago. Checking Plaid Cymru's claims against official statistics

is impossible, because Whitehall doesn't issue separate figures for Wales. Independent research done at the University of Wales, based on the year 1956, set a gross national product for Wales of £785 million, of which the government

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"Let's all
have a
Corby's"



took £220 million in taxes. Government expenditure in Wales that year totaled £215 million. The nationalists argue that the English made a clear profit of £5,000,000 out of the Welsh that year.

Plaid Cymru has lost any hopes it may once have entertained that any of Britain's three traditional parties will sincerely support its home-rule crusade. Even Lloyd George, as prime minister, with his Liberal party inspired by Welsh radicalism, failed to nail the red dragon of Wales above the Union Jack at Cardiff Castle.

There is a part-time minister for Welsh affairs (Henry Brooke) in the House of Commons and a minister of state for Wales (Lord Brecon). There is a Welsh Advisory Council, and there is a Welsh Day each year in the House of Commons. There is also a regional Welsh radio and TV network.

Plaid Cymru is scornful of the lot. All power remains in London, it explains. Gwynfor Evans says flatly that in not one single important instance has either a Labor or Conservative government followed the advice of the Welsh Advisory

Council, set up by the Attlee government in 1949. The chairman of the council for its first ten years, Huw T. Edwards, resigned last year and is now the star convert in Plaid Cymru ranks.

The nationalists regard the present government broadcasting policy in Wales as a direct and deliberate ban on Plaid Cymru, and the pirate Radio Wales is the unofficial answer to the ban. In 1950 the BBC decreed that only parties putting fifty candidates into the field in a general election could share in the allotment of free political broadcasting time.

Wales has only thirty-six parliamentary seats and therefore a party that contests only these seats is barred from stating its case on the air.

It may be sheer coincidence that, in the whole United Kingdom, the Welsh party is the only serious sufferer; on the other hand, it gives weight to Welsh accusations that the English are engaged in a dark plot to smother Welsh nationalist aspirations.

"The radio and television ban on Plaid Cymru is unique in the history of British broadcasting and is unparalleled in any democratic country," says Gwynfor Evans. "We do not ask to speak to the people of England, but we do want to address our own people in Wales. We have the right to speak to them. They have the right to hear us." This plea has been put directly to Prime Minister Macmillan by Evans.

One answer by the government was to name a parson's wife, Rachel Jones, as chairman of the Welsh Council of the BCC to replace Lord Macdonald of Gwaenysgor, a Welsh-speaking Welshman. Tory supporter Jones neither speaks nor understands Welsh, and her appointment, at a time when the provision of programs in Welsh is a burning issue, seemed a deliberate flout. Welsh societies and even churches protested. Two members of the council resigned and Lady Megan Lloyd George, Labor MP for Carmarthen, asked Macmillan to reconsider the appointment. The imperious Macmillan brushed the protests aside with a few airy words.

Facing blank walls in so many directions, how — and when — does Plaid Cymru hope to achieve its aims? In the Commonwealth armies, Welshmen had the reputation of loving a scrap. But the nationalist movement, with its curious blend of cultural idealism and yearning aspiration, seems to prefer a Gandhi-like course of action. The nationalists seek to win a war of words. I could find only one recourse to direct action in the modern history of the nationalist movement. In 1936 three Welsh leaders burned an RAF bombing school on the Llyn Peninsula after mass meetings of protest had failed to stop the government from establishing it there. They gave themselves up to the police immediately.

A much more typical demonstration was the dignified refusal by thirty leading members of Plaid Cymru to attend a garden party for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the eisteddfod in Cardiff last month. Neither the Queen nor Prince Philip speaks Welsh, and nationalist leaders are not mollified by reports that Prince Charles is being taught enough Welsh to be able to respond in that tongue when he is presented to the people at Caernarvon Castle as Prince of Wales, probably in his seventeenth year. (The Duke of Windsor was coached for that role by Lloyd George.) There's no suggestion, though, that Plaid Cymru is against the monarchy; in the hoped-for dominion status, the nationalists would welcome Elizabeth as Queen of Wales.

In a stone-block pub as solid as the Norman castles that brood over the Welsh vales, I asked a group of nationalists — all of them under thirty-five — if they were convinced they'd see a self-governing Wales in their lifetime. They looked intently at one another over their pints of Hancock's, and Owen finally answered: "If not in my lifetime, in my son's." Owen is twenty-eight, married, but childless as yet. In a nation that absorbed the Romans, defied the Normans, and is still sparring with the upstart English, that's really a very short time indeed. ★



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CANADIANECDOTE



Kingston's sadistic Warden Smith

When the double oak-and-iron gates of the Provincial Penitentiary at Portsmouth, Ont., first clanged shut on June 1, 1835, the prisoners in the new penitentiary became the victims of the cruelest jail-keeper Canadian convicts have ever known.

Henry Smith, the first warden of what later became Kingston Penitentiary, gained office by political pull. Once installed, he charged curious Kingstonians admission: male adults, one shilling three-pence; women and children, seven-pence halfpenny. Smith made sure his patrons got a good horror show. Standard items on the tours included a visit to the dark cell and a leisurely march past convicts being punished with the lash, the ball and chain, the Oregon boot, the water hose and the sweat box.

Smith ordered physical punishment for the slightest infraction of the rules—talking, nodding, gesticulating, or turning around in the chapel. Ten-year-old Peter Charbonneau, who was committed May 4, 1845, for a seven-year sentence, was lashed on fifty-seven occasions in eight and a half months. His offences were those of a child: staring, winking, and laughing. Eleven-year-old Alex Lafleur, a French Canadian, was given twelve strokes of the rawhide on Christmas Eve, 1844, for speaking French. Fourteen-year-old Sarah O'Connor was flogged five times in three months of the same year for talking. James Brown, an insane prisoner, got 720 lashes while under Smith's jurisdiction.

Five months after Smith became warden he had succeeded in raising his own salary, had put two of his relatives on the prison payroll, and had padded his expense account by sixty-six pounds. He was also demanding kickbacks from the Kingston merchants who supplied the penitentiary. The prisoners' rations were reduced, and Smith pocketed the savings. He worked his guards

13½ hours a day, seven days a week.

Occasionally, Smith even allowed one of his sons to use the prisoners in the yard as targets for bow-and-arrow practice. (His eldest son, Henry Jr., who was later knighted, was Kingston's MPP). But subordinates at the penitentiary who dared criticize Warden Smith found themselves out of a job or working for a lower salary.

The fiendish warden was evidently not without charm. Charles Dickens visited Smith in the early 1840s and afterwards wrote: "Here at Kingston is a penitentiary intelligently and humanely run."

Smith's graft and cruelty eventually proved too much for the penitentiary physician, Dr. James Sampson. He laid charges against Smith which resulted in an investigation by a commission appointed by the new Reform (Liberal) government and headed by George Brown, founder of the Globe newspaper and a strong Liberal. Smith, after fourteen years as warden, resigned under fire.

But the storm was to rage for many years yet. Smith and the Board of Inspectors of the penitentiary were good friends of the late Conservative government and Smith enlisted the support of the former receiver-general, John A. Macdonald. The ensuing investigations and bitter debates led to the enmity that was to continue between Brown and Macdonald in the years to come.

By 1850, mainly through the efforts of Sampson and George Brown, the penitentiary was cleaned up. Torture devices and whippings were virtually abolished and annual operating costs cut by six thousand pounds. Sampson, through his courageous stand, gained public recognition. He became the first dean of medicine at Queen's University and later was elected mayor of Kingston three times.—DON TOWNSON

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your lucky stars one day...

You took out enough life insurance now!

The proper amount will give your family needed security... help you retire comfortably. Your New York Life Agent can show you how!

To-day — when your financial future looks bright, and retirement seems far away — is the very best time to fully insure for the future. Because premiums are based on age, life insurance costs more each year you delay. As for the need, every young family should have ample financial security. At the stroke of a pen, life insurance can provide this security. Your policy can also begin building emergency funds, assure you retirement income later. And *only* life insurance can do all this.

Be sure you have enough! The right amount depends on your family, your plans. Your New York Life Agent can help figure your needs. Let him tell you also about New York Life's popular Whole Life Policy. It offers a man of thirty \$10,000 of permanent insurance for only a few cents a day!

Call your New York Life Agent soon, or write New York Life Insurance Company, Department M O, 443 University Avenue, Toronto.

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company

Canadian Headquarters
443 University Avenue, Toronto



Serving Canadians since 1858

LIFE • GROUP • ACCIDENT & SICKNESS • MAJOR MEDICAL INSURANCE

Parade

Mr. Bell's wonderful slot machine

Kids never have enough money to satisfy their needs for midway rides and pink cotton candy when they head for Toronto's CNE, so the three teenagers from the suburb of Scarborough were indignant that they had to squander their first dime on a phone call to let one girl's parents know they had arrived safely at the Ex. They were furious, though, when the pay phone gave them a busy signal but didn't send their dime back. After thumping the black box one youngster even poked her finger into the coin-return slot. Out she pulled a wad of paper, and then to their joint delight came a stream of dimes — the intended loot of a thief who preys on pay-phone customers, knowing they will blame the phone itself. The girls then headed straight for the roller coaster.

Parade? The angler became so interested as the moose swam right past his canoe he forgot all about the trout line he was trailing in the water until the beast had unknowingly taken the lure and marched off into the bush with it.

* * *

Sign on an Edmonton dentist's office: "O'Neill's Filling Station." You can get gas there, too.



* * *

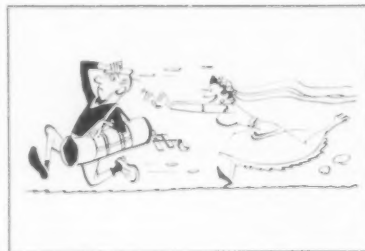
Some advertisements deserve to be read twice, such as this one by a hardware store in Almonte, Ont., announcing in big type: "BUY BATTERIES THAT LAST" — and then in small type: "While they last . . . \$3.95."

* * *

All the premiums available today aren't offered by the supermarkets themselves. But it was on a supermarket notice board in Prévile, Que., that a Parade scout discovered this handwritten notice: "For sale: Baby's crib like new, \$25 cash or twelve books of Pinky trading stamps. Phone . . ."

* * *

Sociological note from a recent Ottawa Citizen column: "Following the usual



trend, many people prefer travel to marriage during this holiday time of the year."

* * *

We've had a request from a Montreal angler who enjoys watching the wildlife just about as much as he does fishing, in the Jeannotte river country northeast of La Tuque, Que. If any hunter in those parts this fall bags a moose with a small ruby-eyed spinner stuck in his rump, will he kindly return it to the angler c/o

The Parade prize for honesty in tourist advertising goes at this summer's end to the Totem Motel at Christina Lake, B.C., which on its printed accommodation sheet details the facilities offered in each of its cabins, by number, then adds a footnote: "All cabins with the exception of No. 8 are modern and clean with comfortable beds and are all equipped with dishes, towels and bedding."

* * *

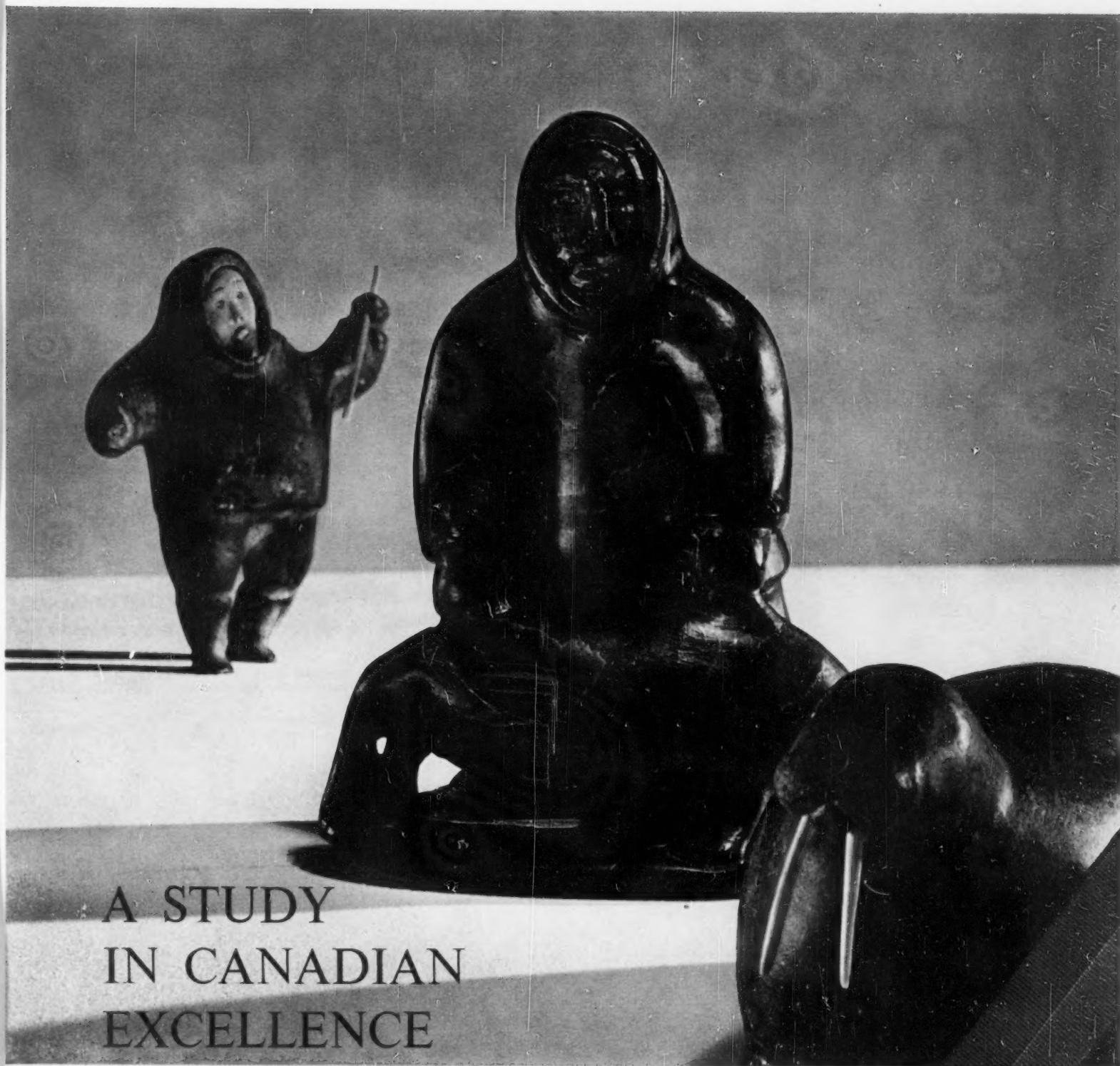
A family in Hannon, Ont., have some nice new English neighbors who approve of just about every Canadian custom except tea bags. The considerate local housewife does her best to make the newcomers feel at home whenever they drop in, without actually abandoning her use of tea bags. Instead she makes flourishing use of a strainer when pouring.

* * *

While a Victorian Order nurse was examining schoolchildren in Pictou, N.S., she kept the youngsters in animated conversation to ease any nervousness they might feel about this minor ordeal. Some of them got to comparing notes about Sunday school so she asked one so-far-silent little girl what Sunday school *she* attended. "We go down the street, down the hill, turn left and then right," the girl explained carefully. "Then, if there's a parking space, that's the Sunday school I go to."

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



A STUDY IN CANADIAN EXCELLENCE

Carvings such as these have always been an essential part of the hunting culture of the Canadian Eskimo.

THE ONLY CERTIFIED 12-YEAR-OLD CANADIAN WHISKY ON THE MARKET

Canadian Schenley Order of Merit comes to you after 12 full years of quiet, unhurried ageing. It is the ultimate in fine Canadian whisky . . . offering you the results of patience, the rewards of time: the exquisite bouquet and excellence of flavour that only great age can bring.

Canadian **Schenley**
ORDER OF MERIT
CANADIAN WHISKY



Canadian Schenley Ltd. "Distillers of Certified Aged Whiskies...made from Canada's Finest Golden Grains."

BE REALLY REFRESHED... AT COOK-OUT TIME!



RECIPE: 1. Stuff hot franks with coleslaw. 2. Roll franks in slice of mustard-spread bread. Fasten with wooden pick, brush with melted butter, brown in hot oven.

Garnish. 3. Mix relish into canned baked beans, pile into sliced franks. 4. Garnish hot franks with dill pickle and sash of pimiento, all enclosed in a bun.

Serve these Extra-Fancy Franks with King Size Coke. Enjoy more sparkle — more lift — more refreshment! Only Coca-Cola has that truly different cold crisp taste that brightens any bite. Drink Coke!



FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Say "Coke" or "Coca-Cola" — both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd. — the world's best-loved sparkling drink.

